

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

March
1960

Science Page 22
Indian Music & Instruments - Page 28
Science Experiments - Page 28
for Children

fun

with a purpose

Hello!



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Highlights for Children

March
1960

This book of wholesome fun
is dedicated
to helping children grow
in basic skills and knowledge,
in creativeness,
in ability to think and reason,
in sensitivity to others,
in high ideals
and worthy ways of living—
for CHILDREN are the
world's most important people.

Awarded
The 1958 Brotherhood
certificate of recognition
by
The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

Vol. 15, No. 3

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Member of the



Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these
small pictures at another place
in this book?

Windy Nights

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.



This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓							
6 The Fast Slow Dog			✓								
8 St. Patrick's Day Cat			✓								
9 For Wee Folks	✓	✓			✓					✓	
10 Hachi, the Faithful			✓						✓		
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓			✓						
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓							
14 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
15 The New Owner		✓									
16 Little Hunko		✓									
18 Ready Read—Matching	✓	✓								✓	
19 It's Fun To Reason	✓	✓								✓	
20 Deer in Trouble			✓								
22 Anton van Leeuwenhoek			✓						✓		
24 Musical Instruments			✓						✓		
26 Crossword Puzzle			✓							✓	
27 Uncle Bill			✓								
28 Prove It Yourself		✓						✓			
29 Our Own Stories		✓								✓	
30 Goofus and Gallant		✓									
31 Fun With Words	✓	✓								✓	
32 Our Own Pages		✓									✓
35 Johannes Brahms			✓				✓				
37 Things Wondered About			✓					✓			
38 Verse		✓	✓								
39 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓								✓	
40 To Do		✓								✓	
42 Headwork	✓	✓								✓	
43 Make a Mobile			✓								✓

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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Let's Talk Things Over

If you are in the second or third grade, you do not need to spell when you talk or when you listen to others talk. But if you want to write something for others to read, you will need to learn to spell the words you write. The more of them you learn to spell, the better you can write, all alone, what you wish to say. Yet when you write something at school or in your homework, or when you write a letter, there are so many words you will want to use that you may often need help to spell some of them.

Many boys and girls who can speak well and say interesting things by the time they are in the fourth or eighth grade, or even in high school or college, can't spell very well. When they write, they are worried about the spelling and may not be able to write as well as they talk. And when they write things the teacher must read, she doesn't feel very happy if they have many words spelled wrong. She may put colored marks on the misspelled words, and put poor grades on their papers. When the children get their papers back, they feel discouraged.

When you read a letter from a friend, and it has many words in it wrongly spelled, you may suppose the friend must not be very bright. If the friend reads such a letter from you, he might suppose you are not very smart.

All your life, you will need to be a good speller. Wherever you are in school now, you can see that you need to try hard to spell well. The better you spell in the third grade, the better you will spell in the fourth or fifth grade or in high school—indeed, all your lifetime.

It means a lot of hard work to become a good speller. You need to say or think the word and then remember the letters of this word in their right order. As you study a word to learn to spell it, pronounce the word

as you look at it carefully. Then, while still looking at it, say the letters in it from left to right. Do all this several times before you look away and try to spell it from memory. It might also help you to write this word as you carefully look at it, before you try yourself out at spelling it.

Be sure not to be in a hurry. Be very careful. Spell the word while looking at it often enough to make sure you can spell it while looking away from it. Never let yourself spell it wrong. When in doubt, always look back at the word.

When you are not sure of the spelling of a word, you need to ask your parent or teacher to spell it for you. After you are able to use a dictionary, you can look in it for the spelling of every word you are not sure about.

Garry C. Myers



"My, what a poor speller Elsie is!"

"When Patsy writes me, she never spells a word wrong."

The Fast Slow Dog

By Quint Putnam

Steve, John, and Tommy lived in Alaska. One day in the winter they decided to run their dogs and sleds on a back road near their homesteads.

When Steve broke his harness, John and Tommy helped him repair it.

"That string doesn't look very strong," said Tommy. "I've got a piece of rope, if you want it."

"This string will hold," said Steve. "I'll drive carefully."

"Come on," said John. "Let's go somewhere with our teams."

"Where?" asked Tommy.

"What do you care, Tommy?" said John. "With that old dog of yours, you'll never get there, anyway."

"Is that so?" retorted Tommy.

"Wolf is a good dog."

Steve and John grinned. They had two dogs hitched to their sleds. Tommy had just one.

But Tommy didn't care. Wolf was the only dog his folks had. He might be old but he was dependable. And he could still run a long way without stopping.

Just then someone called. The boys turned. Up the road, a man was waving at them.

"It's Mr. Kimberly," said Tommy.

"I wonder what he wants," said Steve.

"Let's go and see," said John.

He pulled his sled around and shouted at his dogs. Steve did the same. Tommy followed them. He reached Mr. Kimberly almost as soon as Steve and John did.

Mr. Kimberly was an old Alaskan pioneer. He lived all alone in a cabin among some trees.

"Hello, boys," he said, leaning on his cane. "How would one of you like to earn some money?"

"That sounds swell, Mr. Kim-

berly," said Steve.

"My rheumatism has been bothering me lately," explained Mr. Kimberly. "So I'll give a quarter to the first one that brings the mail back from my box down on the highway."

"Oh boy!" exclaimed John. "A race!"

"Line up, now," said Mr. Kimberly, "and I'll give the signal to start." He raised his cane.

John and Steve pulled their dogs around and lined up their sleds. Their dogs were eager to run. Tommy urged Wolf into place beside them.

John and Steve glanced at each other.

"I'll bet I'm back with Mr. Kimberly's mail before you get your old Malamute started, Tommy," said Steve.

"If I don't get back first," said John, grinning.

Tommy didn't say anything. He patted Wolf on the head. "Don't you worry, Wolf," he muttered. "We'll do our best."

"All set?" asked Mr. Kimberly.

"OK," said John and Steve together. Tommy nodded.

"Go!" said Mr. Kimberly, bringing down his cane.

"Hike! Hike!" shouted Steve and John at their dogs.

"Hike!" shouted Tommy at Wolf.

Steve and John were off with a rush. Tommy pushed at his sled hard until Wolf was going good. He saw Steve and John disappear around a bend in the road. Their dogs were fast.

But Wolf was doing pretty well. He was sailing right along. Tommy felt a breeze on his face from the speed. He really didn't care if he won Mr. Kimberly's money, he told himself. It was the effort that

counted. That's what his father always said.

Tommy sailed around the bend in the road. Ahead of him was a sight that he didn't expect to see. John's sled was off the road and all tangled up in a thicket of little spruce trees. John's dogs were barking excitedly. John was trying to get things untangled.

"What happened?" called Tommy.

"Aw," said John disgustedly, "a rabbit hopped across the road and my dogs chased it. I couldn't stop them."

Tommy kept going. There were lots of rabbits in Alaska. He knew Wolf would never chase them, though. He was too smart.

It was a long way to the highway. Tommy sailed around another bend in the road, and then another.

Then he came upon Steve, stopped in the middle of the road. Tommy couldn't believe his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he called.

"My sled hit a bump and that string broke, like you said it would," said Steve.

Tommy didn't stop. "That's too bad," he yelled over his shoulder. "I'll drop that rope off to you on my way back."

"That's not fair," called Steve after him.

Tommy slowed Wolf to a stop at the highway and hurried to get the letters out of Mr. Kimberly's mailbox. Then he turned Wolf around and started back.

"Hike, Wolf!" Tommy shouted.

He remembered about Steve and unwrapped the piece of rope twisted around his sled handles. He tossed it to Steve as he passed by him. "There's the rope," he called.



Illustrated by Edwin Lundquist

"Thanks," said Steve unhappily.

Tommy passed John again. John was just getting his dogs and sled onto the road. Tommy waved at him.

John scowled. "You're just lucky, Tommy," he yelled.

Tommy sailed along the road with Wolf pulling him. He sailed right up to where Mr. Kimberly was waiting.

"Whoa, Wolf," he ordered. Wolf was panting when he stopped. Tommy stepped off the sled and walked around and patted him. "Nice work, Wolf," he praised. Wolf wagged his tail. Steve and John finally caught up with Tommy. They halted their dogs nearby.

Mr. Kimberly smiled. "Well, I guess Tommy is the winner."

"I guess he is," said John.

"Here is the prize, Tommy," said Mr. Kimberly. "It's a shiny new quarter."

Smiling, Tommy gave Mr. Kimberly the letters he'd brought back, and took the coin.

"That's a pretty good dog you have there, Tommy," said Mr. Kimberly. "He's fast, though he travels slow."

"Yeah," said Tommy proudly. "Wolf is a fast-slow dog."

Mr. Kimberly chuckled.

"You wouldn't have won, though, if my dogs hadn't seen that rabbit," said John.

"Or if my harness hadn't broken again," said Steve.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Kimberly, his eyes twinkling, "I guess you've learned something."

"What is that?" Steve wanted to know.

"You can never tell who is going to win the race by how fast his dog team is."

Steve, John, and Tommy looked at each other. Suddenly they all laughed. They certainly had to agree to that!



St. Patrick's Day Cat

By Jean Horton Berg

"Well," said Sam, "Tizzy'll be all right, I suppose. She's cute. Only she's not very unusual. Everybody, practically, has a kitten. She won't be different like a monkey or crickets, or like Julie's hamster."

"I can't help it," said Tom. "Tizzy's the only pet I have, and I like her. I'm going to bring her."

The St. Patrick's Day sun smiled warmly on the parade heading into school the morning of March 17th.

Dogs, cats, lambs, ducks, hamsters, monkeys, and all kinds of feathered, furred, and scaly creatures, were taken through the front hall and into the gym. They were arranged on special benches against the wall.

Soon the three judges—one fat, one thin, and one medium—started down the line to pick out the most unusual pet, the most interesting pet, and the most surprising pet.

They walked slowly past Doris and her cute little chattering monkey. They walked past Sam with his two tiny chirping crick-

ets. They walked past Julie with her bright-eyed hamster. They walked past George with his slithering garter snake. And suddenly they stopped—right in front of Tom who was holding a funny, furry animal tightly in his arms.

In the excitement of getting settled in their proper places, no one had really noticed Tom.

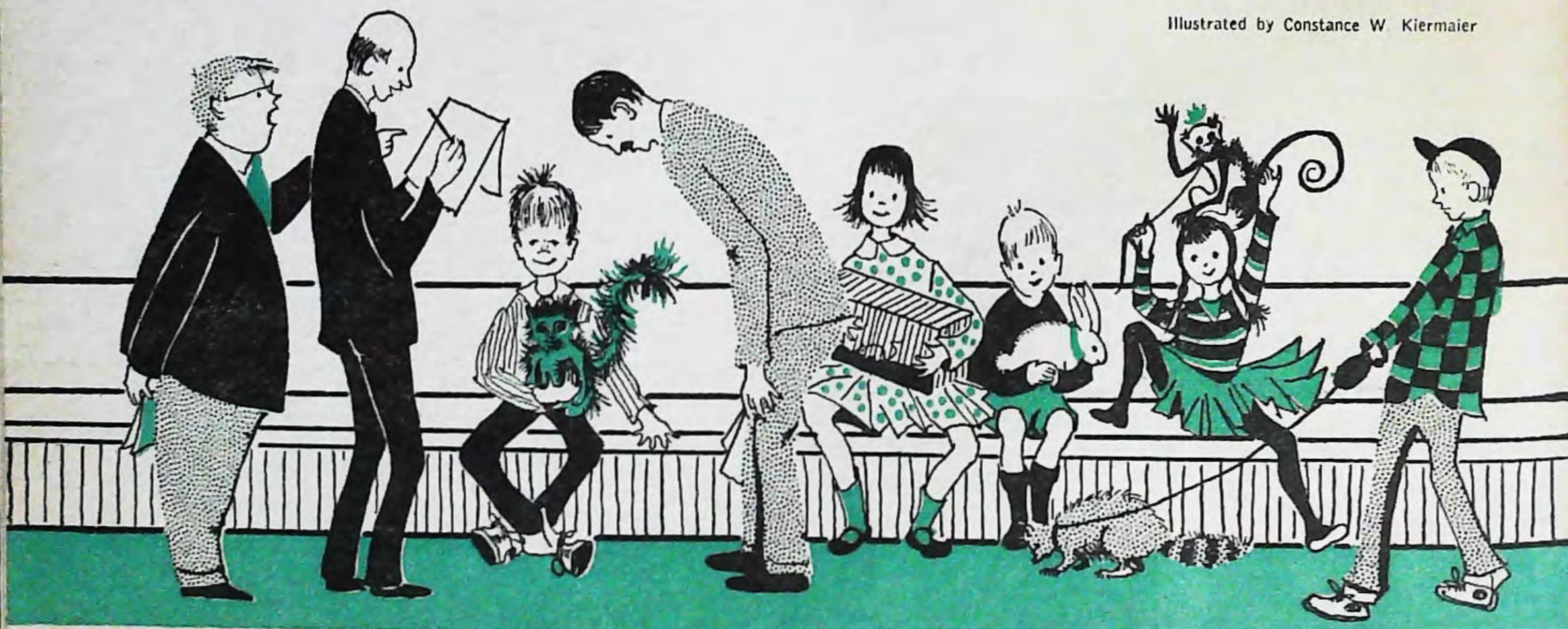
"Why, Tom!" said the fat judge. "What have we here!"

"Well, it's Tizzy," said Tom, squirming in embarrassment. "She got all messed up in my brother's finger paints, and I wasn't going to bring her. But he said she couldn't have picked a better day to turn green."

"Your brother's right," said the thin judge. "Tizzy wins the gold ribbon for the MOST SURPRISING PET. I don't think I've ever seen a St. Patrick's Day cat before."

The medium judge helped Tom fasten the gold ribbon around Tizzy's neck, and you never saw a prettier sight than a green cat with a gold ribbon. At least Tom never did.

Illustrated by Constance W. Kiermaier



For Wee Folks

Which child could fall from where he is?

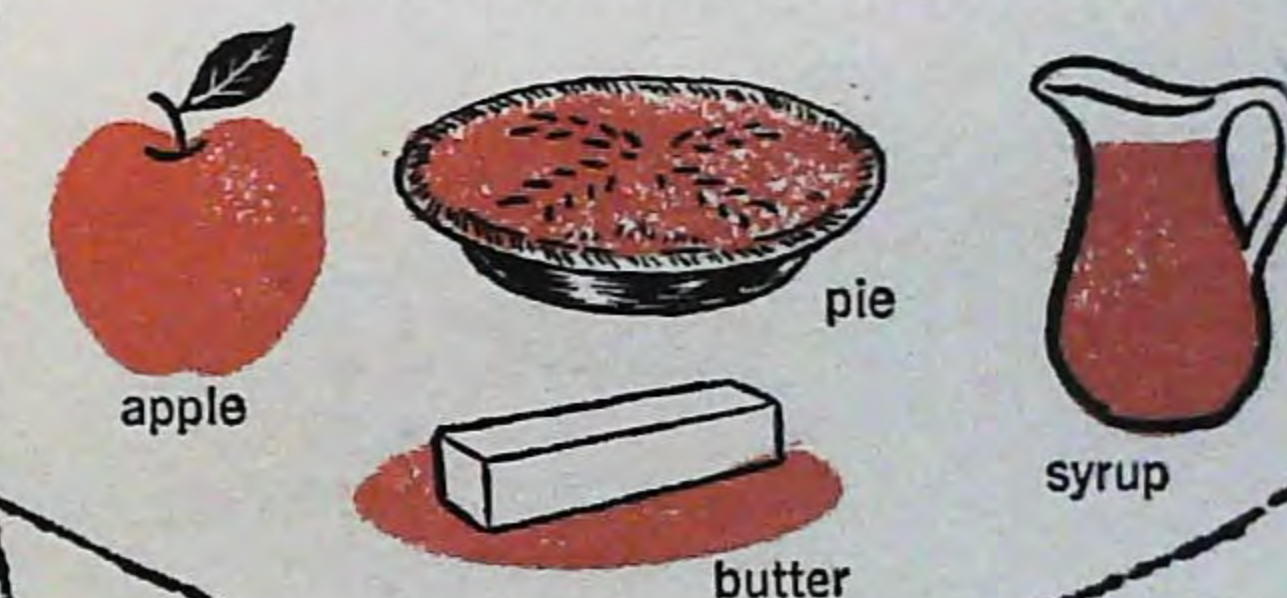


Which of these do you eat by itself?

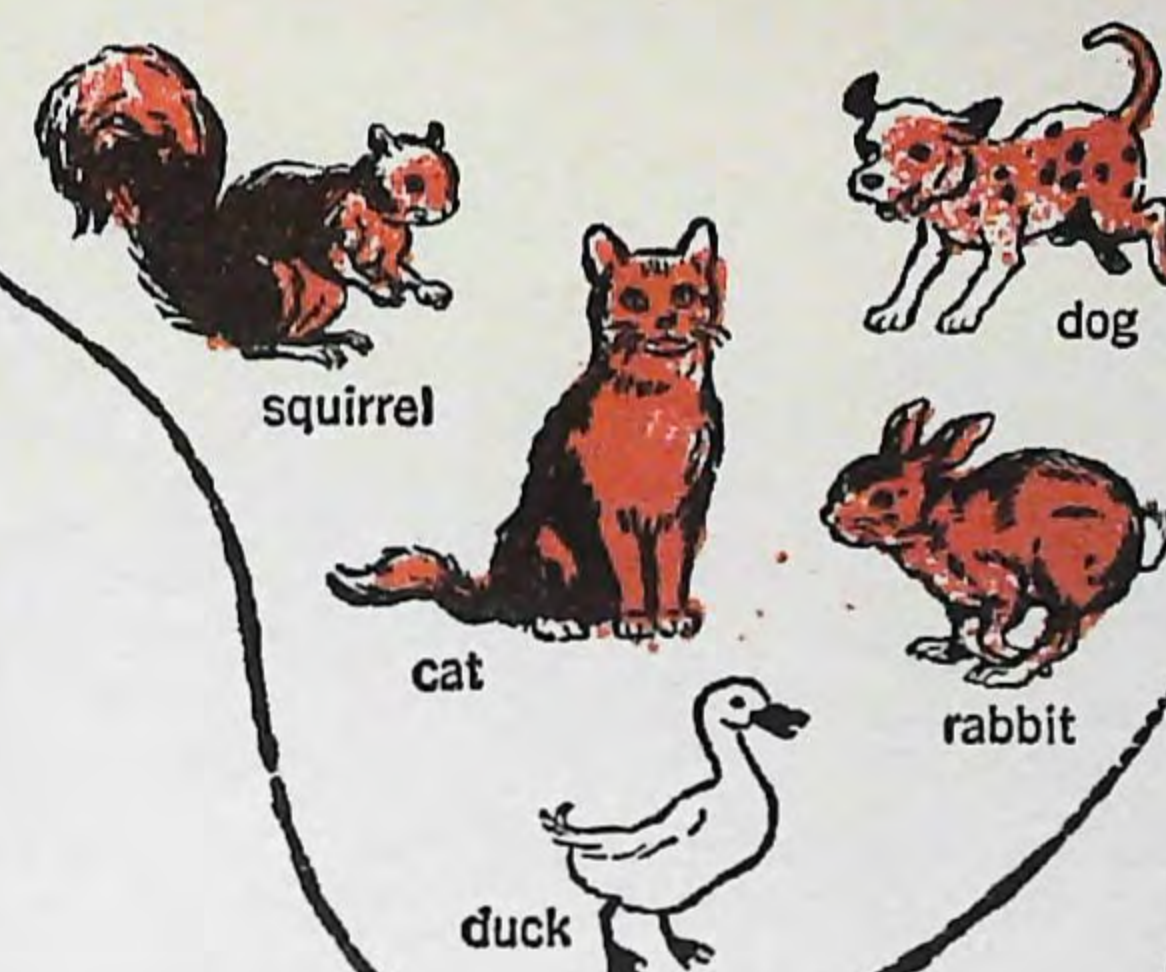
Which do you eat on something else?

Name other things you generally eat by themselves.

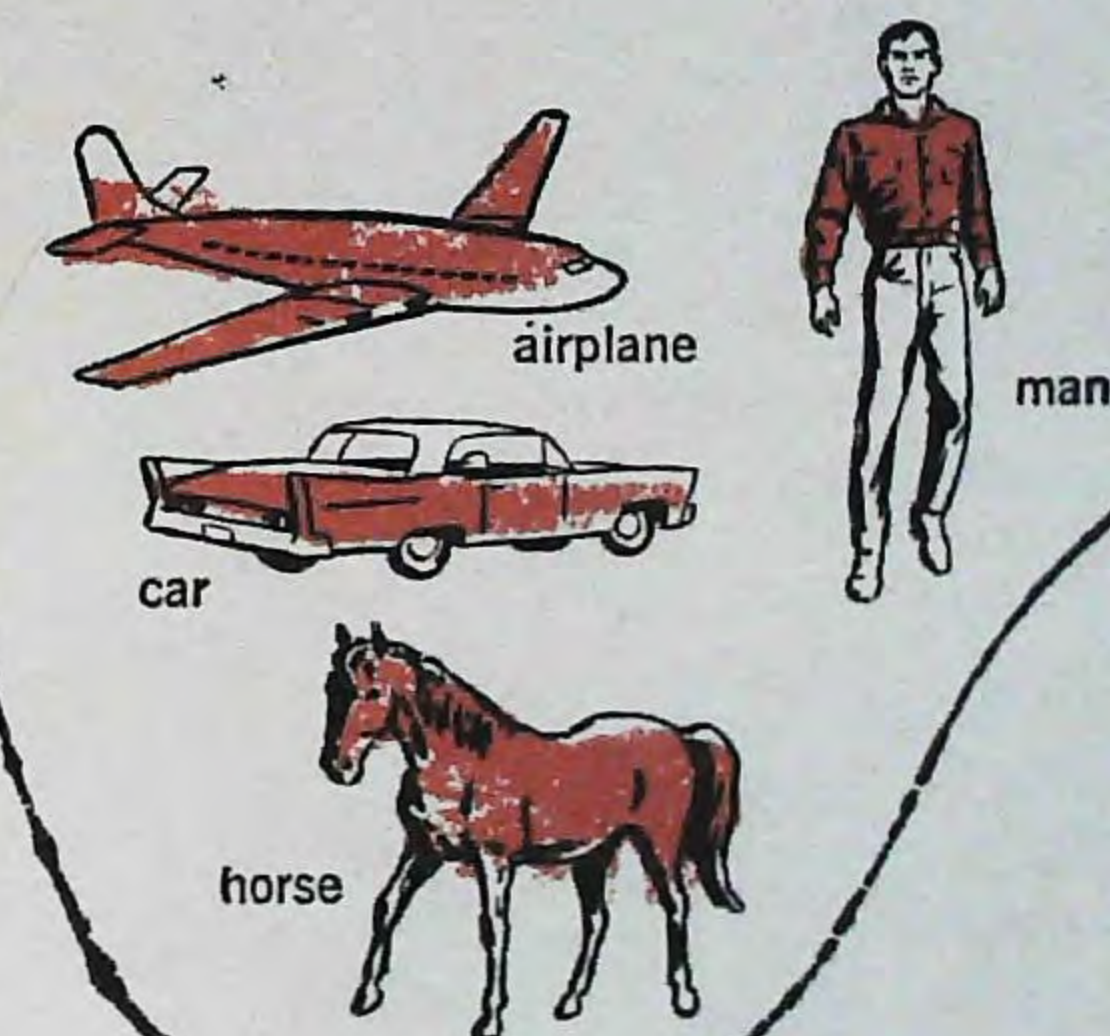
Name other things you eat on something else.



If all these animals were your pets, and you wished to have one of them follow you on a hike, which one would you take along?



Which of these can go fastest?



★ Within the reasoning reach of the child three or four and challenging to much older children.

Hachi the Faithful

By Genevieve Brunson
Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



When you visit Tokyo, and get on or off the train at Shybyua Station, you will see a statue of a dog, at the entrance of the railroad station. Being a stranger, you will wonder what this dog did to merit this honor. Every Japanese knows his story, and the children can be seen patting the statue as they pass it.

Hachi was just a tiny puppy when he was presented to his master by a friend. Everyone was good to Hachi, but he loved his master most of all and liked to be fed by him.

When Hachi grew old enough to be trusted, he would follow his master to the railroad station every morning. He would wait until that gentleman took his seat by the window and waved good-bye, and watch until the train was out of sight. Hachi would then return home, knowing he would not see his master until late afternoon when he would return from his office.

Hachi lived the usual happy



★ Anywhere in the world, a faithful dog arouses interest and admiration.

The train pulled out, leaving Hachi alone and puzzled. After an hour he decided he had better return home.

Forlornly he entered, and at once felt that something was wrong. No one smiled. Everyone was sad. With a whine, he lay down by the doorway.

That afternoon this dog's loving master had died suddenly in Tokyo. Tearfully the family tried to tell Hachi, but such things are difficult for animals to understand unless they are present when it happens.

The next morning his master was not there for Hachi to accompany to the station. He sulked all day. About traintime he ran to the railroad station. He waited and waited. Again he returned home alone. This Hachi did for ten long years of disappointment.

One morning when Hachi was called for his breakfast, he was found asleep. But this was his last sleep.

All these lonely years, Hachi's trip to the station and his return alone were noticed not only by the family but also by the neighbors, the train passengers, and the railroad employees. So when this dog was not seen the next day and the next, they inquired about him. In this way the story of Hachi became well known, and something was done to honor this fine, faithful dog.

The government of Japan had a statue of Hachi erected at the entrance of this railroad station where he waited so faithfully for so many years.

There today tourists may read the inscription and listen to the stories about him. The children give a loving pat to the statue and say, "We love you, good old faithful Hachi."

The Bears Play Safe

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Poozy: "Let's get kite string with wire in it."
Piddy: "Then it wouldn't break."

Woozy: "No, that would be dangerous."
Father: "Very dangerous."



Poozy: "Why would wire in a string be dangerous, Pop?"
Father: "Might come down on an electric wire."



Poozy: "Pop says a wire string might electrocute us."
Piddy: "We don't want to be 'lectrocuted!'"



Poozy: "Let's fly 'em here."
Mother: "Too close to the wire."

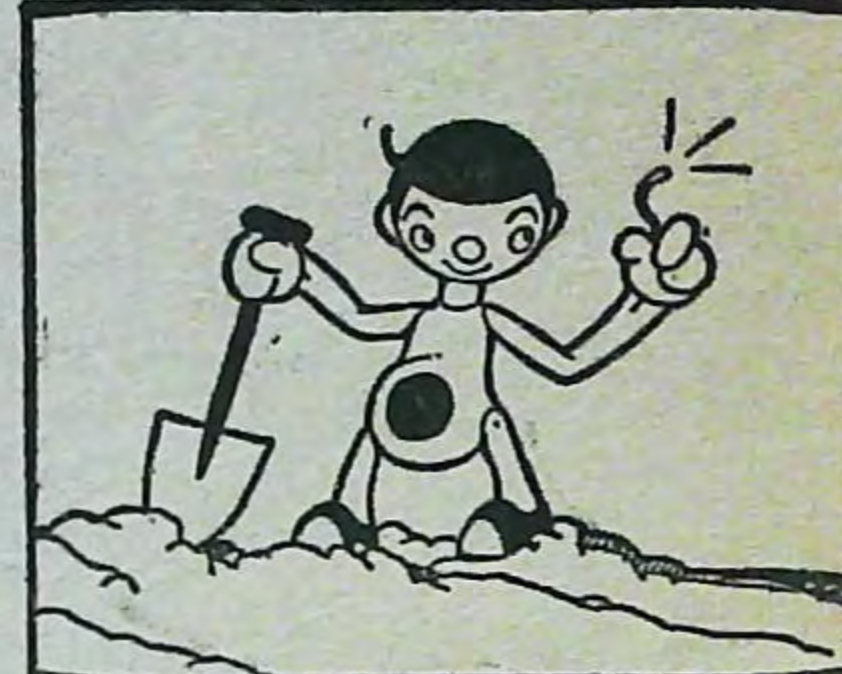
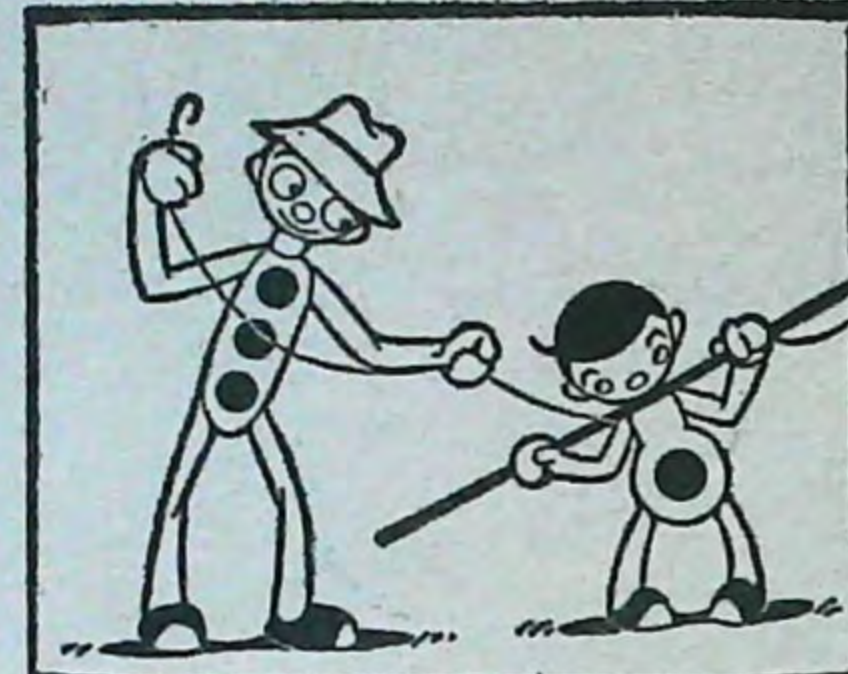
Father: "Mother is right."
Piddy: "Might be 'lectrocuted, huh?"

★ The dear children learn safety when flying kites.

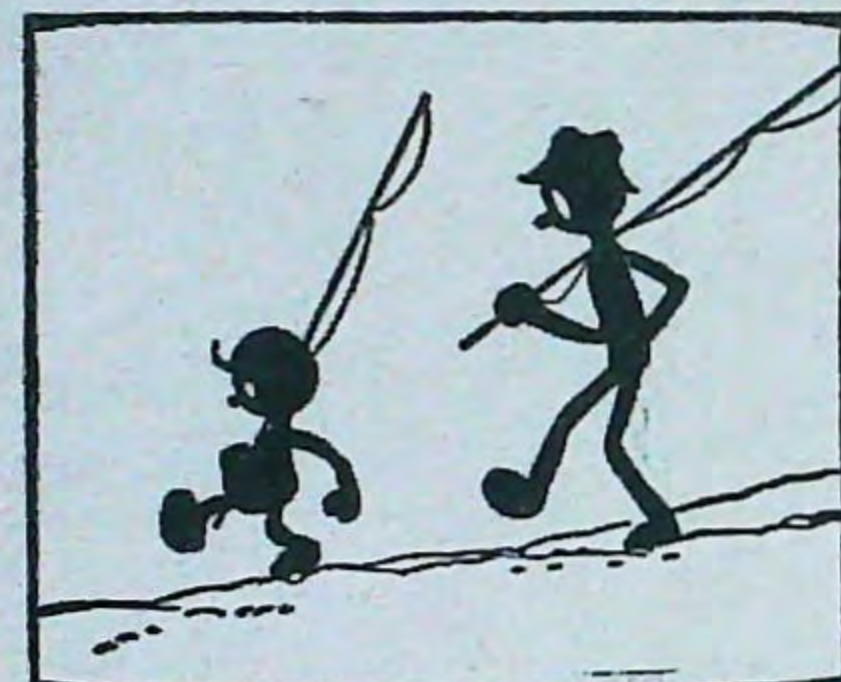


THE TIMBERTOES

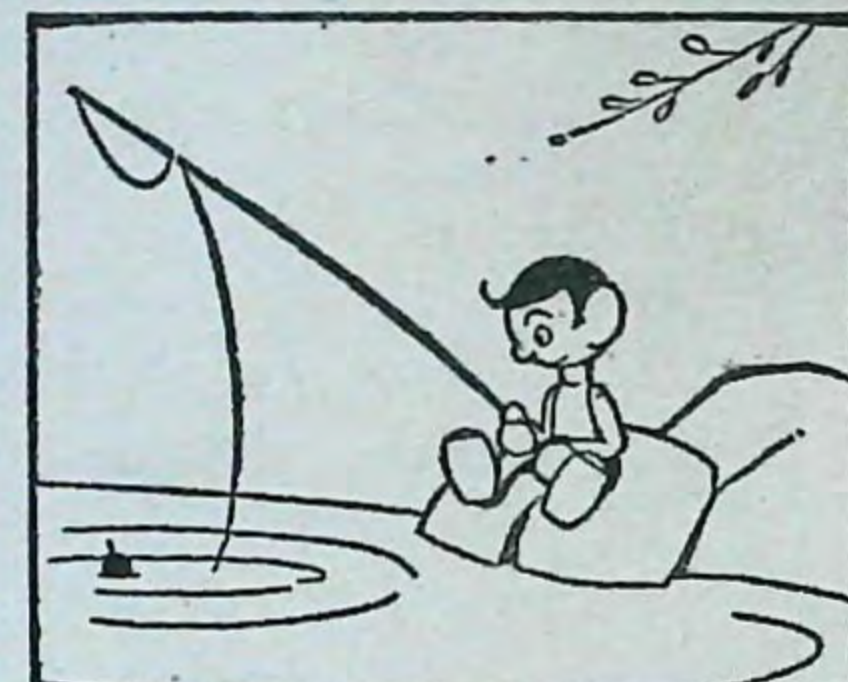
by John Gee



Spring was here. Father Timbertoes and Tommy got out their fishing tackle. Tommy dug up worms for bait.



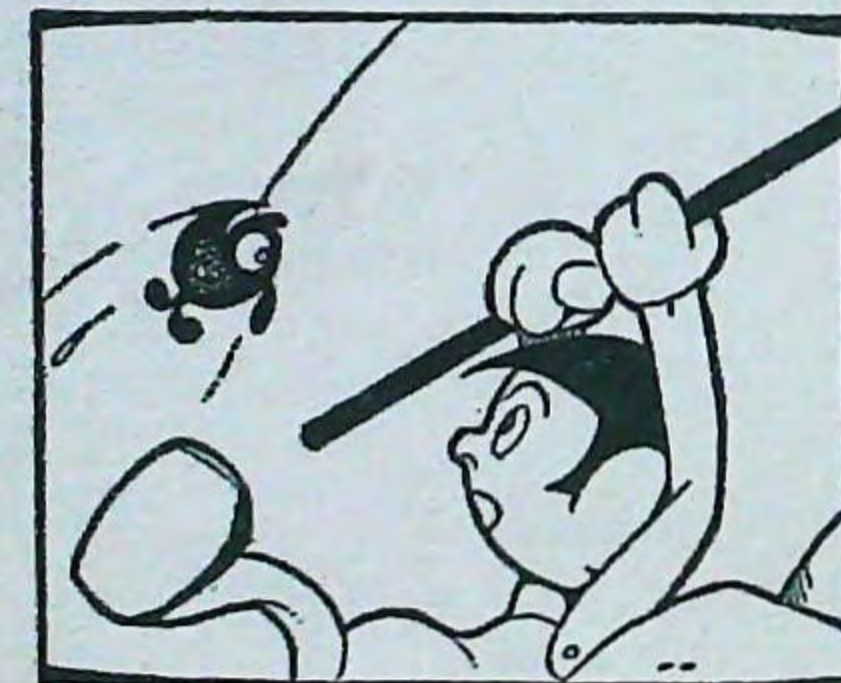
They went down to the pond.



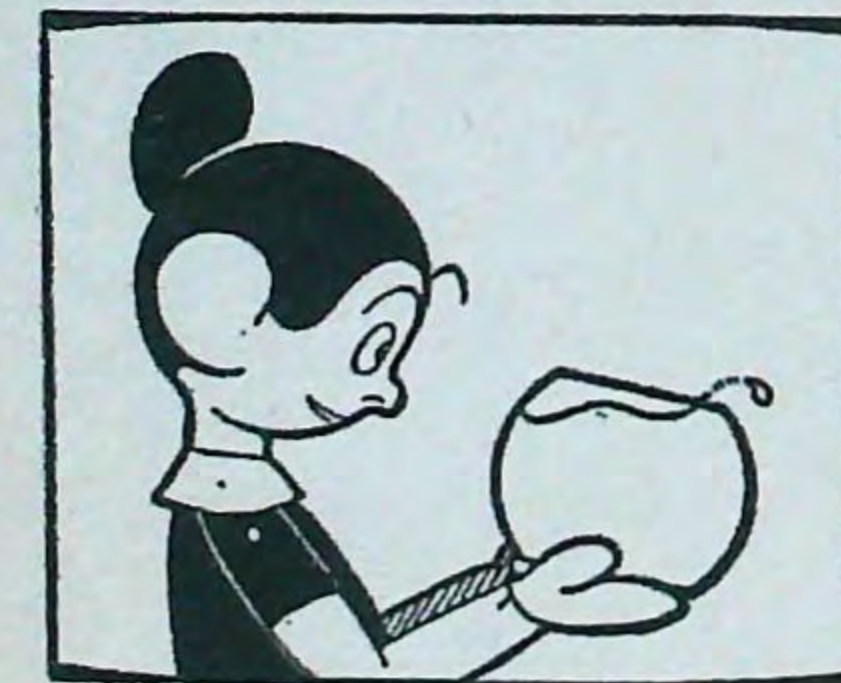
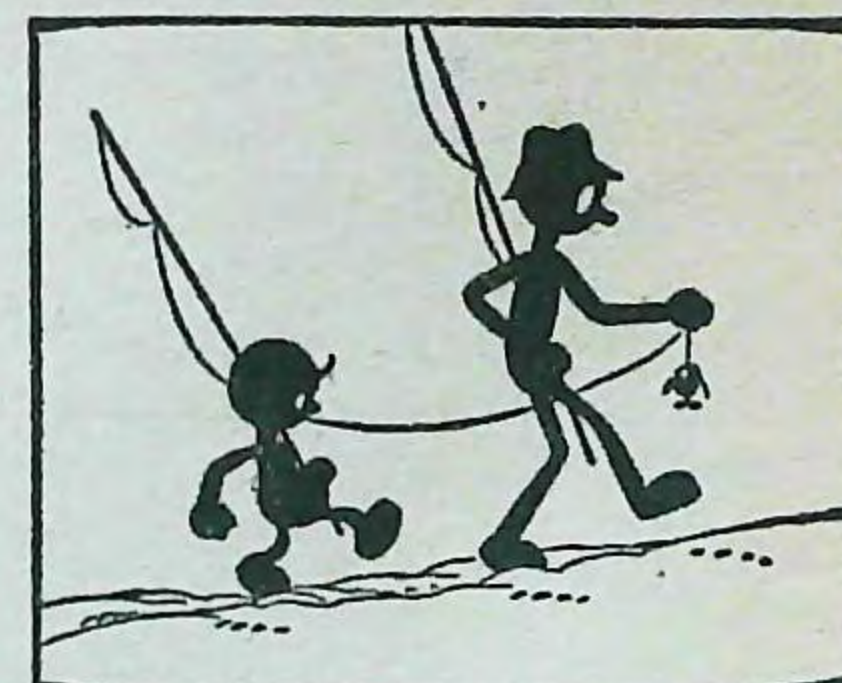
Tommy sat on the bank to fish.



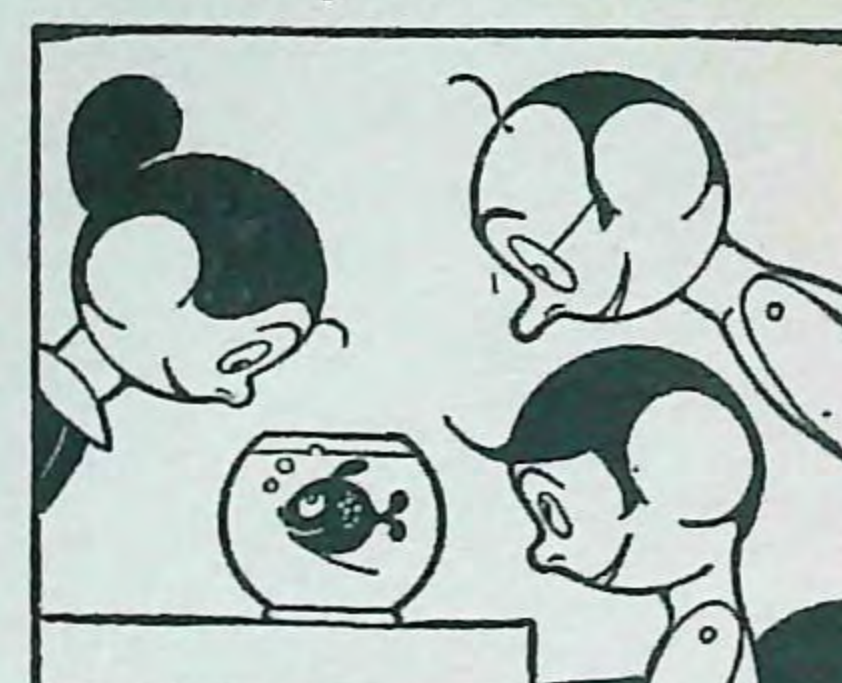
Right away, he felt a bite.



He pulled in a dear little fish. "Please, I want to keep him for a pet." So, they took the fish home.



Ma put water into a glass bowl. Tommy put the fish into it. They all said, "What a dear little fish!"



Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips



Hello there:

"Hi, Dad," shouted Sammy.

"Where are you?"

"Right here," called Dad from behind his newspaper.

"Dad," said Sammy breathlessly, "could I have a bat for my birthday?"

"Surely," smiled Dad. "You've pulled out so many of those bad weeds (bad habits) lately, you deserve one."

"Whoopie!" shouted Sammy. "And I know where to get one."

"Mr. Twinkleton had some good baseball bats in his store window," said Dad. "We'll look them over."

"Oh, no," wailed Sammy. "You don't get it. I mean a really alive bat."

Plop went the paper!

Sammy went on excitedly, "Mr. Gadbury, the science teacher, visits our class every Tuesday. He tells us a zillion things about wood creatures and he always brings samples. Today he brought a girl bat and held it in his hand. And this girl bat didn't even get nervous because she liked Mr. Gadbury. And guess what—a baby bat sits tight on its mother's head while she flies around, and hardly ever

falls off. Pretty nifty trick, eh? So, if Mr. Gadbury'd get me a bat, we'd watch her zooming around with the little guy hanging on."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mother.

"Possibly," Dad said, "Mr. Gadbury needs all available bats for his science classes. And while it's perfectly ridiculous, your mother and Anna, the laundress, get unduly excited about bats."

"Suppose, son, we settle for Mr. Twinkleton's brand. Don't forget you hope to make the Little League before long."

Sammy was polite, but you could see the sparkle spilling out of his eyes. "OK," he said slowly. "Thanks."

Later he confided to his dog, "It would have been terrific. Just think of having a girl bat and a little guy bat! But that's the way it is with grownups."

"Hopeless," nodded Butter-scotch.

The following Saturday while Dad was washing his car, Mother came running out, exclaiming, "Goodness! I think I actually saw snakes in our bathtub."

"Can't hear," said Dad, turning off the hose, "but it sounded like you said you'd seen snakes in the bathtub," and he held his sides with laughter.

"That's what I said," answered Mother in the flutteriest sort of voice. "S-s-s-snakes in the bathtub."

At that moment Sammy called from a window, "You DID see snakes, Mom, because I put them there—two nifty water snakes that got lost. And a guy's gotta be kind to lost snakes, eh?"

Mother sat down. Dad headed for the house.

Later Dad said, "I'm sure



you'll understand, son, that they can hardly make their home in the family tub."

"OK," said Sammy. "In my bedroom, eh?"

"Strikes me," Dad said, "they'd enjoy life in the small pool where they'd meet other snake friends. And you could visit them every day."

"Besides," he whispered, "you've probably noticed that your mother isn't very partial to snakes around the house."

"It must be awful, being a grownup," sighed Sammy.

Dad ruffled the shaggy hair of his small son. "I agree," he said. "Being a grownup is very confusing. And being a boy," he added with a faraway look, "is just the finest thing that ever happens to a fellow."

But the grownups came across! Sammy's teacher Miss Usher built a large terrarium for the classroom. This is a large glass home for land animals. Inside, it is planted like a miniature woodland. Mr. Gadbury invited Sammy's snakes for a visit, and what a lot those children learned!

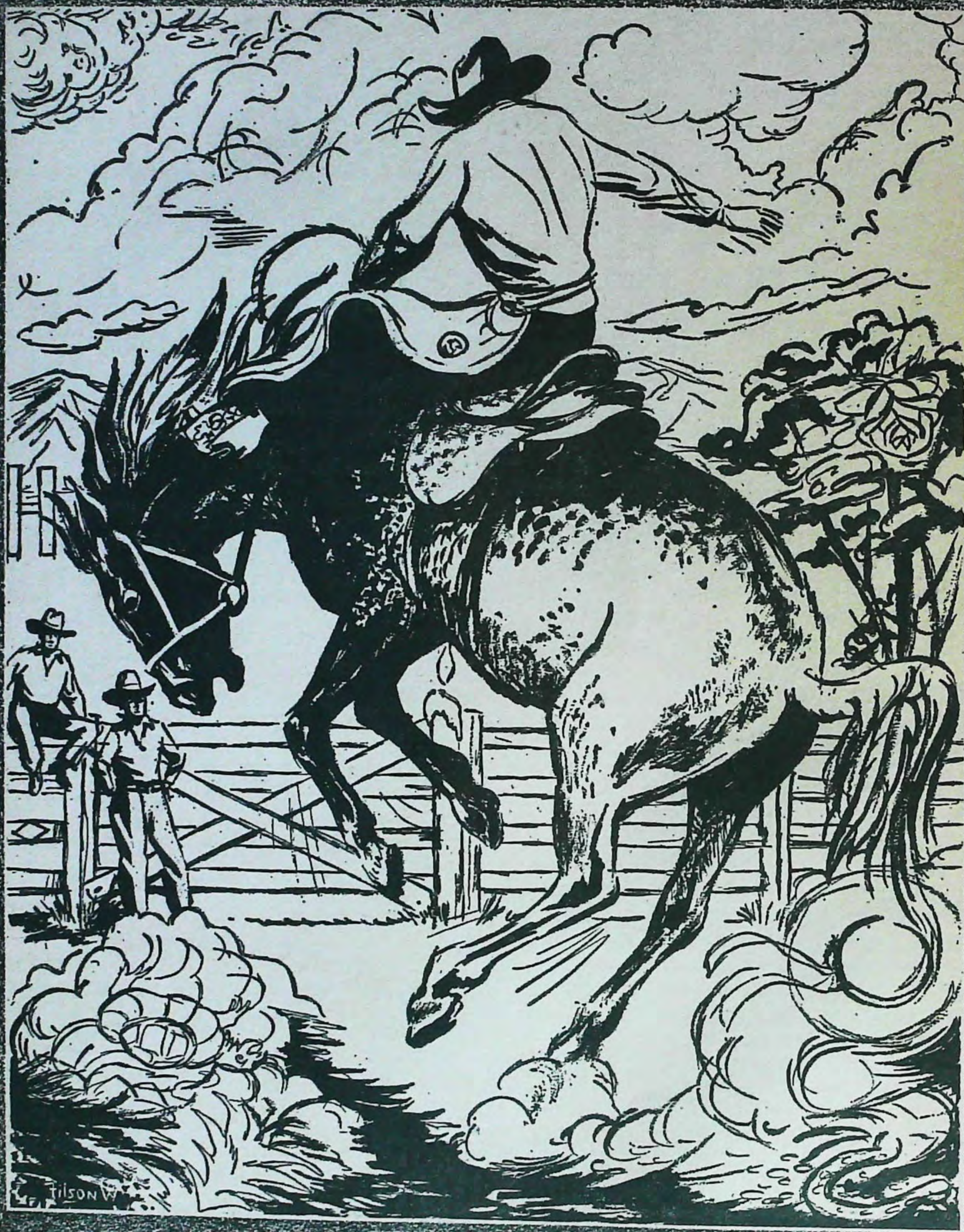
"We appreciate your love for woodland creatures," said Mother. "Someday soon we'll all have to spend the day at the zoo."

And suddenly the sparkle spilled back into Sammy's eyes. "Terrific!" he said.

Love, Aunt Dorothy

"Can't wait to talk to some of our relatives at the zoo," said Columbus to his wife.





Hidden Pictures

Good for getting ready to read while having fun alone or with others.

In this large picture find the baby's face, letter H, rose, candle, face, pine tree, two feathers, map of Italy, turtle, girl's hat, horseshoe, diamond shape.

The New Owner

By Edith Vestal



Danny liked to visit Mr. Neighbor's farm.
He liked to ride Little Black Pony.

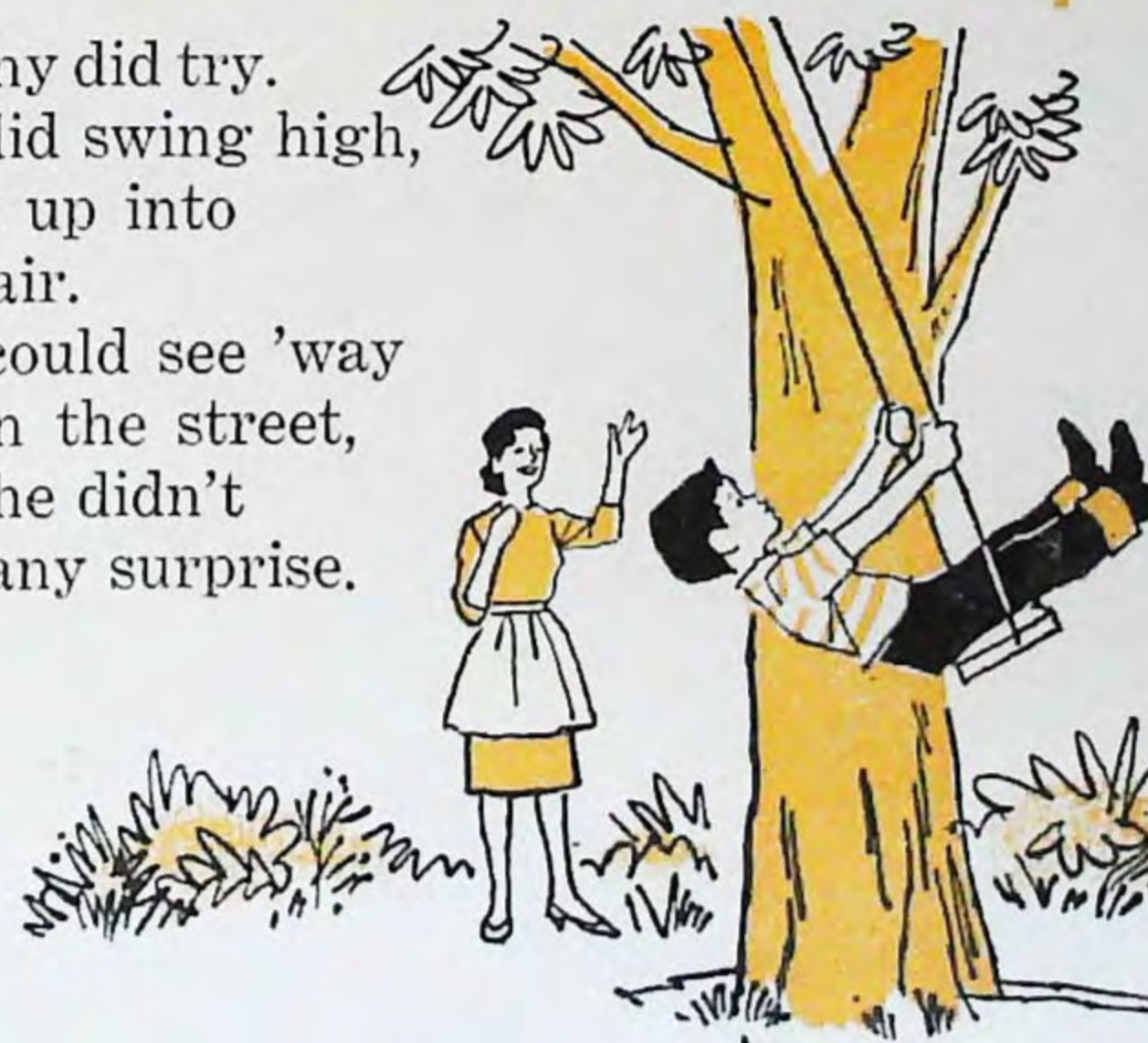
But one day
Mr. Neighbor said,
"This is the last day
that the little pony
is going to be
on the farm.
I have sold him."



"Sold him!"
Danny wanted to cry.
But he just patted the little pony's
neck, and said,
"Good-bye, Little Black Pony.
Good-bye."

Next morning in his back yard,
Danny was swinging high, high up in
the air. Mother had said, "If you
can touch the leaves in the trees,
maybe you will get a surprise."

Danny did try.
He did swing high,
high up into
the air.
He could see 'way
down the street,
but he didn't
get any surprise.



He saw Bobby climb a tree.
But that was no surprise.

He saw Mr. Neighbor coming up the
street with Little Black Pony.
But that was no surprise.

He ran down the street to meet Mr.
Neighbor.
Mr. Neighbor asked Danny if he
would like to lead Little Black Pony
up the street to the home of his new
owner.

And of course Danny wanted to lead
the pony.



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Suddenly Mr. Neighbor said,
"Here is the place."

Danny looked.
"But this is my gate," Danny said.

"Yes," said Mr. Neighbor.
"You are the new owner."



Before Danny could even open his
mouth, he heard his mother laugh.
Danny turned around.

"I told you," she said, "that you
might get a surprise today."

★ An exciting story for the child four or five to hear
and for the child six or seven to read.

Little Hunko and the Flying Forest

By James E. Bathgate

One very windy day, Little Hunko, the elephant, and his three friends had gone to one of their favorite places in the jungle.

It was a very special place, for they could see the sky there and the clouds. And they could talk about things they liked to talk about when they had nothing else to do.

Pouncer, the little leopard, was lying on his back. He was licking his paws and slowly waving his tail.

Beany, the little monkey, was chattering to himself and hopping back and forth over Pouncer's tail. For he didn't like just to lie down quietly.

Padpaw, the little tiger, was

scratching his stomach and practicing some soft growls.

But Little Hunko was kicking his legs and squirming all around. He was trying hard to roll over. He wanted to lie on his back like Pouncer.

"Puff, puff," he muttered after a while, with a frown. Then he sat up and looked at Pouncer.

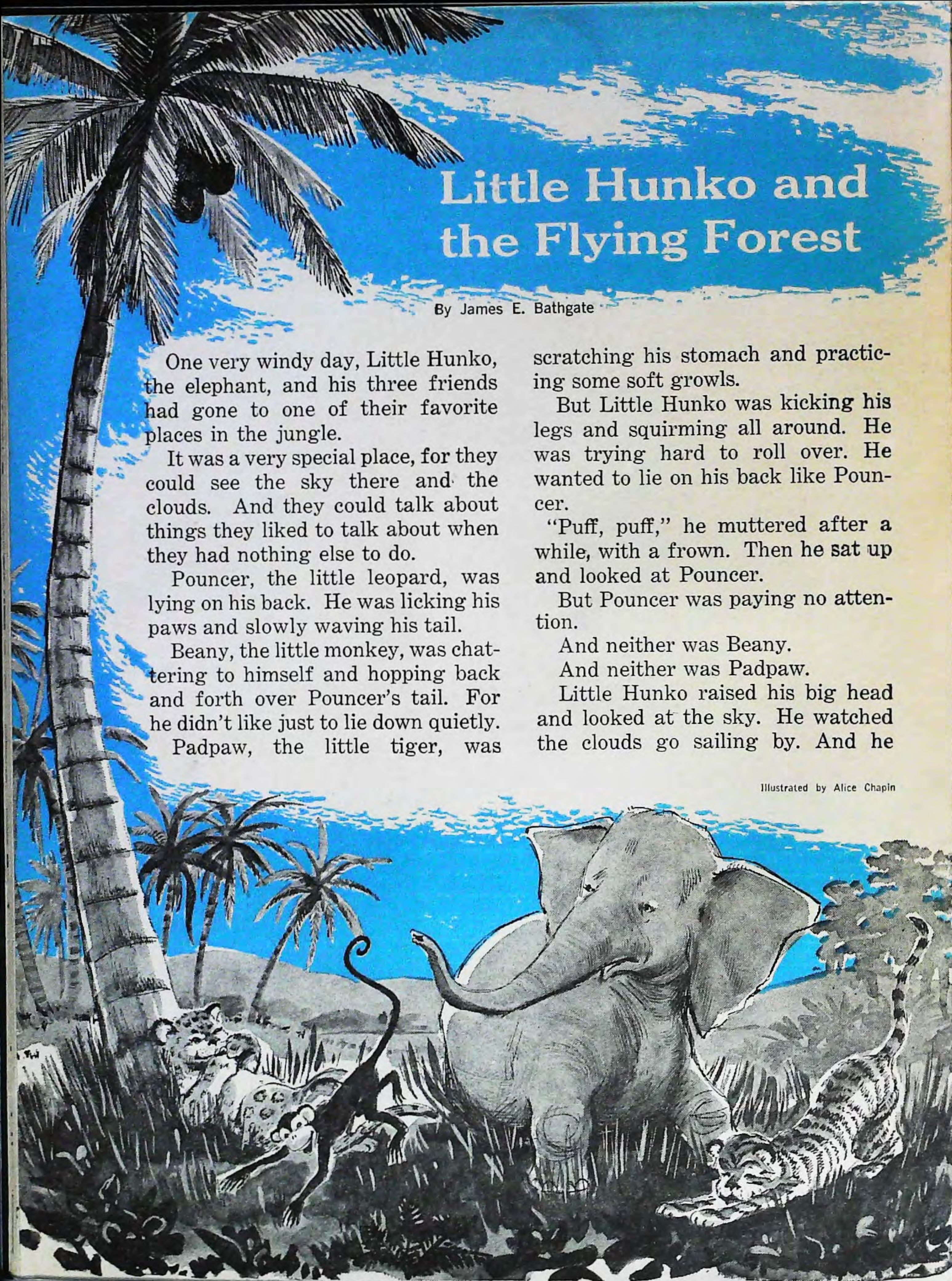
But Pouncer was paying no attention.

And neither was Beany.

And neither was Padpaw.

Little Hunko raised his big head and looked at the sky. He watched the clouds go sailing by. And he

Illustrated by Alice Chapin



watched the sway of the wind in the treetops. And he heard the swish of the wind. And he watched. And he listened. And suddenly he thought, "We're moving. The forest is flying away."

"Pouncer!" he called without moving his head. "Beany! Padpaw! Look at the clouds. We're moving."

Pouncer stopped licking his paws. Beany stopped hopping over Pouncer's tail.

Padpaw stopped growling and scratching his stomach.

And they all looked up at the sky with Little Hunko.

"Look!" said little Hunko. "Keep still and watch. We're moving."

And even Beany kept perfectly still and kept his eyes on the flying clouds.

"Yes," he shouted, excitedly. "We're moving."

"Watch!" said Little Hunko, staring at the sky.

The forest is flying away in the wind.
The forest is flying away.
And Pouncer and Padpaw
And Beany and I
Are sailing, sailing away.

★ Adults and young children
can imagine themselves
with Hunko's illusion.

"Oh!" said Pouncer.

"Oh!" said Padpaw.

"Watch!" said Little Hunko.

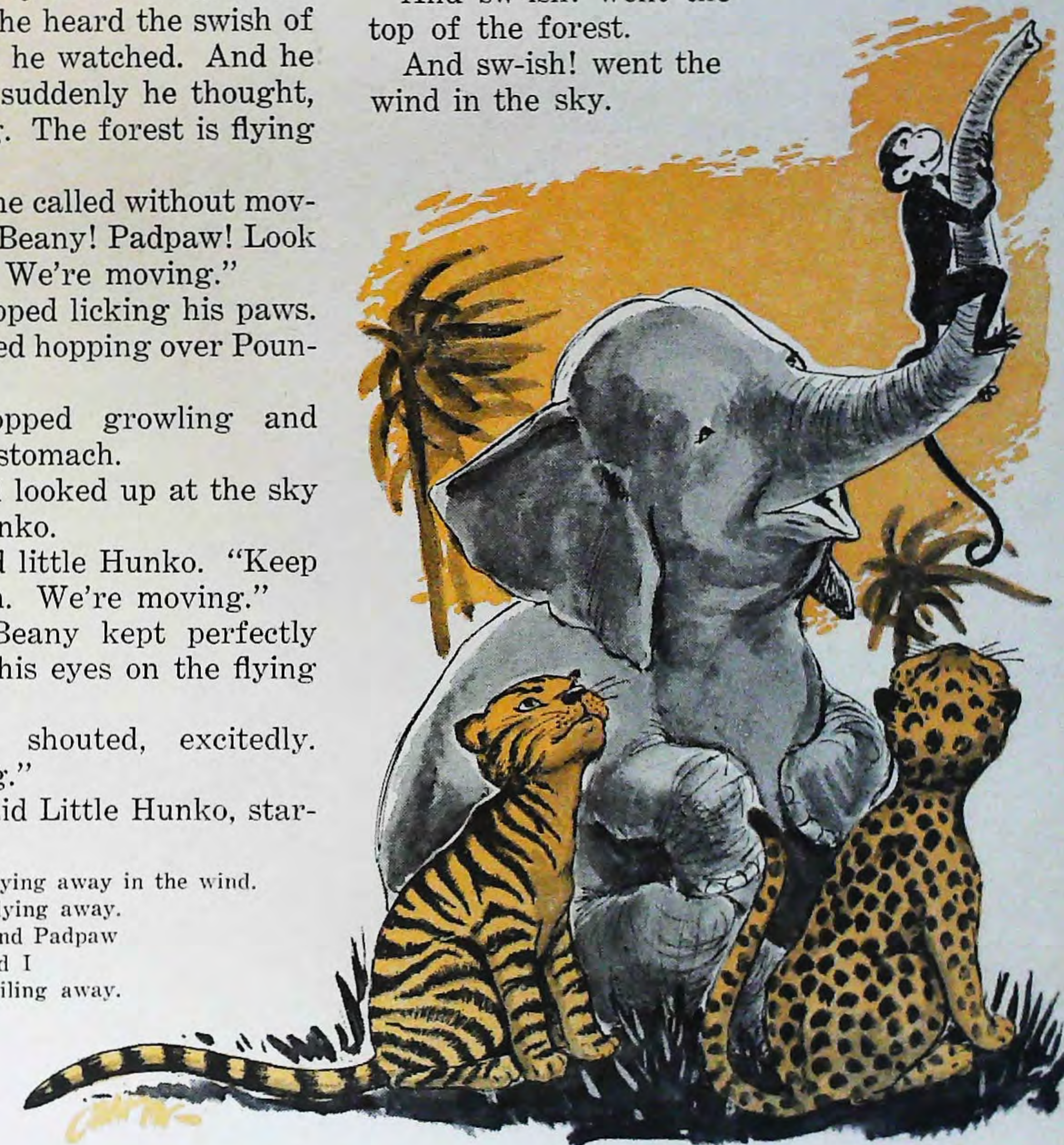
Up through the sky
And the clouds in the wind,
We're flying, flying away.
And Pouncer and Padpaw
And Beany and I
Are sailing, sailing away.

The forest is flying away in the wind.
The forest is flying away.
And Pouncer and Padpaw
And Beany and I
Are having a wonderful day.

And Little Hunko and Pouncer and Padpaw and Beany watched and listened.

And sw-ish! went the top of the forest.

And sw-ish! went the wind in the sky.



Jokes and Riddles

Riddles

1. What word makes you sick if you take away the first letter?
2. Why does a cat look first one way and then the other when she enters a room?
3. What is it we tell everybody to do, but nobody has ever done?
4. How do pianists get hurt?
5. What is the difference between photographers and germs?
6. What is the difference between a dog and a flea?
7. What proves that cooks are very softhearted?
8. What tree is older than other trees?
9. Why is a peacock like the figure 9?
10. What is the opposite of "not in"?

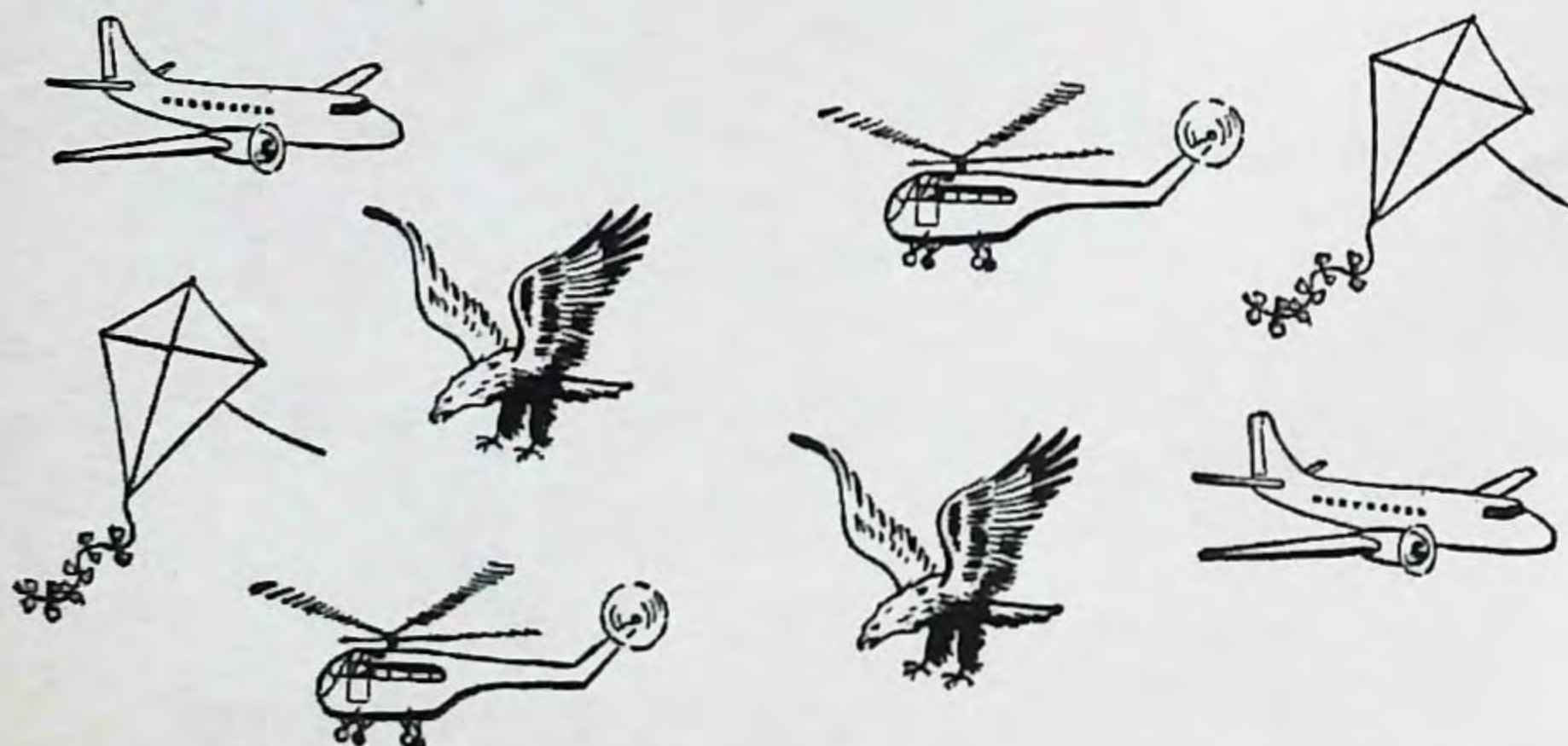
Getting Ready To Read

Look at each thing in the first column. Say the word beside it. Find the same thing in the second column, and say the word beside it. Now find this word in the third column.

	roller skates		apple	toothbrush
	lamb		toothbrush	barn
	barn		roller skates	lamb
	toothbrush		lamb	apple
	apple		barn	roller skates

Matching Pictures

Look at each picture at the left. Find another picture like it at the right.



Jokes

Lady of the House: "This is the third time, Bridget, I've had to tell you to put out the finger bowls. Didn't your last employer use them?"

Bridget: "No, ma'am. Her friends always washed their hands before they came."

Patrick and Kevin were pushing a heavy cart up a hill. Patrick was working hard, but Kevin was doing more leaning than pushing.

Finally they stopped to rest, and Kevin said, "Some push!" "Yes," answered Patrick, "and some don't!"

An Irish policeman was questioning the drivers of two cars involved in a head-on collision. "Now," he said, "what I want to know is, which of the two cars hit the other first?"

Two Irish fishermen, sitting on a riverbank, their lines in the water, made a bet as to which one would catch the first fish. One man got a bite. He grew so excited he fell into the water. "Well," said the other, "if ye're going to dive for him, the bet's off!"

Answers to Riddles:

1. Music. 2. Because she can't look both ways at once. 3. Stop a minute. 4. By striking so many sharps. 5. Photographers make facsimiles, and germs make sick families. 6. A dog can have fleas, but a flea can't have dogs. 7. They even cry when they cut onions. 8. The elder. 9. It is nothing without its tail. 10. In.

★ For a variety of intellectual fun.

It's Fun To Reason

How are the tails of these creatures useful to them?



cow



beaver

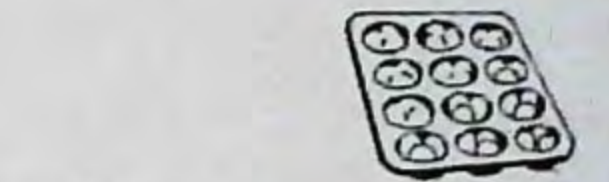


squirrel



opossum

Which of these things get bigger when cooked or baked? Which get smaller?



potato



rolls



pork chops



cabbage



spinach



cake



rice



apple pie

Which is a picture of fun by one person alone?



Which is a picture of fun by two or more children together?



Is it more fun to do any of these things alone than to do them with other persons?



What fun do you have alone?

What fun do you have with other children?



How and where have you seen these used?



A Deer in Trouble

By Mabel Hamilton Huey
Illustrated by Edwin Lundquist

By February the snow lay deep in the woods country. Jerry, who went to a one-room country school, had all he could do to make his daily round trip to and from school. By always walking in the same path, he built up a firm footing. But if he stepped off the trail, he floundered in the soft snow.

He always liked to watch for animal tracks in the snow as he walked along. He could tell a skunk's line of tracks, and a field mouse's galloping trail as it struggled over the snow. Rabbits like to play in the moonlight. Often Jerry saw their wide-apart tracks as if the rabbits had been running and jumping playfully together.

Jerry also knew deer footprints. But as the snow piled up deeper, he no longer saw them. Deer legs are slender and cut down into the snow. When it is deep, a deer can get bogged down helplessly. Then, being unable to hunt food, it may starve to death. Jerry knew that by now the deer were collected in the swamp at the far end of his father's farm. He wished he could see them as they ate the spicy needles of the hemlock trees.

The next Saturday he decided to hike out to the swamp and visit the herd. "I'll wear my snowshoes," he told his father. "Then I won't get stuck in a

snowdrift like a deer," he added, laughing.

Jerry tied on his snowshoes and went off with a long gliding step over the snowdrifts. It was almost a half mile to the swamp. But Jerry was getting pretty good with snowshoes and he traveled along comfortably. As he neared the swamp, he moved slowly. He hoped to catch sight of the deer without frightening them. He wanted to see them eating.

Soon he saw the dark animals moving around their yard. They had trampled the snow firmly where they were gathered, and had made a smooth yard all through the swamp. One smaller deer seemed to stay close to a little clump of trees.

Jerry decided to get as near this one as he could, and get a close view of it. He inched carefully nearer. He could see that the deer was struggling, but it did not leave the spot. Jerry was puzzled.

"What is it fighting?" he wondered. "I don't see any other deer there."

Nearer and nearer Jerry crept. Still the deer did not run away and hide. It saw Jerry and struggled frantically. Then he saw what the trouble was. Two trees grew close together. The deer's head was wedged between them.

"Why," exclaimed Jerry, "it's head is caught between those two tree trunks. Maybe I can help it."

He took off his snowshoes at the edge of the trampled snow and walked quietly up to the deer. The rest of the herd saw him and moved warily away toward the thicker woods at the far end of the swamp. The trapped deer lunged and tugged to get free.

"You poor deer!" Jerry said. "You must have been eating some high twigs and, when you dropped down, your head slid between the trees. I'll help you."

Jerry patted the deer's head. Its brown eyes rolled wildly. Jerry tried to lift the deer's head to a spot where the tree trunks were far enough apart to let it slip through. But the deer was afraid of Jerry. It pulled back as far as it could. This made it impossible to raise the head.

"Mr. Deer," Jerry said at last, puffing with his efforts, "I'm trying to help you, but you make it too hard for me."

Jerry picked some twigs and held them toward the deer. Maybe it would step forward a little and Jerry could then raise its head. But the deer was still afraid. It stood tensely, drawn back as far as possible. It did not know that Jerry was trying to free it from this trap. It kept twisting and tugging, slipping on the packed snow. It was bruising its jaws.

"Well, Mr. Deer," Jerry finally said, "I can't do this alone. I'll go get my dad. He and I can do it together."

So Jerry tied on his snowshoes and hiked back to the barn. He told his father about the trapped deer. At once Dad put on his



snowshoes, and together they tramped to the swamp. Dad was interested in seeing the troubled deer.

"I've seen calves get caught in the same way," he told Jerry.

"If you'll shove the deer forward," Jerry explained, "I can lift its head out. But I can't lift it when the deer is pulling backward so hard."

"I can shove it forward, all right," laughed Dad, "but their heels are quick and sharp. I'll have to stand to one side. I don't want to get kicked. It doesn't know we are its friends."

Dad stepped up to the deer and

pushed it forward. Jerry, patting its head and talking gently to it, hoisted its head till it slipped between the tree trunks at a wider spot. The deer broke free. It shook its head hard, not sure it was no longer trapped. Then with a snort, it high-tailed after the rest of the herd. Jerry and his father laughed to see it scramble away.

"It doesn't know how to thank us," Jerry said, "but I know it's mighty glad to be free again."

"Wild animals often have their own troubles," Dad replied. "I'm glad that you found this unlucky deer and could save it."

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"Boy, have I had fun!"

★ What boy would not like to have been Jerry with his dad, rescuing the deer.



He Was Just Looking

By Rebecca Roman

Anton van Leeuwenhoek, born in Delft, Holland, in 1632, was a Dutch janitor and cloth merchant. He never traveled very far. He never had much education. Yet we remember him as one of the great explorers and scientists.

It all started because Anton was curious about everything, especially about everything small. There were microscopes then, but not very good ones. They were not powerful enough or clear enough to suit him. So he began making his own. His job as a janitor in the city hall at Delft left him time for his hobby of grinding lenses to make a better microscope.

Probably the citizens complained a little to the city hall. And naturally his neighbors felt that he must be a bit crazy—a grown man always looking at such little things. But Anton

kept on looking through his lenses and learning to make better ones. He would start with small pieces of glass and grind them so that they became rounded on both sides. They were very powerful and so carefully made that they would magnify little details clearly. His best lenses made objects appear clearly at 300 times their natural size. By practicing patiently, trying and trying again, he became the finest lens grinder of his day.

From his lenses Anton made microscopes, one lens to each. And through his microscopes he looked at all kinds of things. What he saw made him even more curious. Imagine how an ant would look if it were 300 times larger than it really is—it would be a pretty scary-looking creature. Sometimes friends and neighbors looked through Anton's microscopes. Naturally the

news got around. People realized that what he was doing was fun—if a grown man wanted to have fun that way. After all, a microscope was just a plaything.

Anton was having fun because he was a curious man. Curiosity made him an explorer. He looked at birds, frogs, tadpoles, and fishes. He could see more about the little parts of living things than anyone had ever guessed. He looked carefully, drew pictures, and described what he saw.

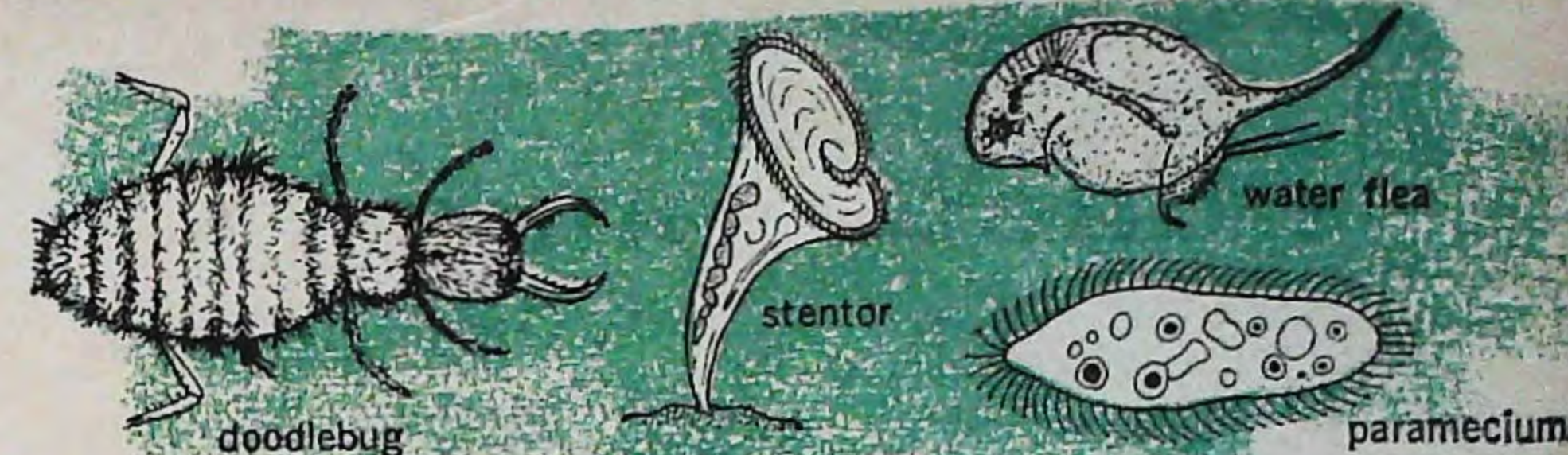
So many stories got around about Anton's incredible discoveries that one day in 1673 he received his first educated visitor, a Dutch scientist named Regnier de Graaf. Mynheer de Graaf was impressed. He suggested that Anton write letters about his discoveries to a group of scientists in England—The Royal Society.

The Royal Society was so pleased with Anton's clear description of his work that they published his reports. Later he received the great honor of being elected a member of The Society. Without any training, with nothing more than his own curiosity and patience and hard work, he had become a great scientist.

Now Anton was busier than ever, looking, reporting, and making microscopes. Altogether he made some 250 microscopes, many of them for other scientists.

His greatest discoveries came because he never stopped exploring. He looked at a drop of blood and saw the many tiny red blood cells or corpuscles, and described them perfectly. His observations proved the idea of another scien-

Here are some of the little animals which Anton van Leeuwenhoek looked at with his microscope. Really they are very much different in size. The fearsome fellow at the left is not a dragon but a little bitty doodlebug about 1/3 of an inch long. And he is about 100 times larger than the three animals on the right.



tist, Malpighi, that the blood in our bodies flows from arteries to the veins through a network of tiny tubes called capillaries. Anton actually saw the red corpuscles bend and change shape as they were squeezed through the tiny capillaries.

The big surprise came when Anton began to look at water. In a drop of water from a pond he could see thousands of tiny creatures, many of them swimming about. Here was a new world which no man had seen before—the world of the microbes. Everywhere he found them, in clear ponds, in mud, in ditches, in rain barrels, in milk, even in the scrapings from his teeth. "Little animalcules," he called them, and noted how tiny they

were—that "one hundred of them together would not be so large as a grain of sand." Most of these we would call protozoa (one-celled animals). Before Anton van Leeuwenhoek, no one had seen living things so small.

Some of the microbes were especially small, so small that Anton could just barely be sure they were real. These he drew and described. It was almost 150 years before another great scientist, Pasteur, taught us that there are many kinds of these very little microbes, the bacteria, most of them harmless but some causing disease.

And so throughout his life Anton went on looking and learning and reporting his work to the world through The Royal Society

in England, and later through the French Academy of Sciences which elected him a member, too. There were medals and honors. The Queen of England and the Czar of Russia came to look through his microscopes.

Think of the people who had grown up with Anton and had made fun of the man who worked so long to grind little pieces of glass, and who kept looking and looking. Imagine what they thought when so many important people came to see him. "Oh, yes," they would say when a stranger asked the way to Anton's house, "Anton van Leeuwenhoek, the scientist who looks through microscopes? We'll show you where he lives. He is our neighbor."

Illustrated by Carl Heldt



★ How a great scientist, with curiosity and patient hard work, made possible the modern microscope.

"Our teacher is wonderful. She's always kind and patient with us. And her voice is soft and lovely, no matter what happens."



Bob: "Did you know that they have taken Toby's daddy away to a place for crazy people?"

Eldon: "Toby's daddy is not crazy. He is sick in mind. They took him to a place for people who are mentally sick. He may come home cured."

Bob: "I guess that being mentally sick is nothing more to be ashamed of than to have an illness like pneumonia."



Indian Music and Instruments

And they sang songs to their many gods to help them in whatever they wished to do or to be.

Indians sang most of their songs very loudly. The songs would have sounded very much alike to us. But the Indians could usually tell by the rhythm of the music if it were a song of death, of war, of work, of religions, or of any other kind.

If someone made a mistake, all the singers stopped and began over again. They thought that if the song were not correct when it reached the god to whom it was sung, harm would come to the singer.

Most Indian music was played with rattles, drums, flutes, and whistles. They did not have instruments like our piano, horns, or violins. They did not have bands and orchestras as we have today.

Rattles were popular instruments. Many tribes made rattles by fastening small objects of the same size together, such as shells, animal teeth, stones or pebbles, pieces of bone or wood, claws, beaks of birds, deer hoofs, cocoons, or reeds. Sometimes these chains of rattles were worn around the neck, arms, or ankles. The chains rattled every time the Indian moved.

Sometimes the objects were put inside a little bag of skin or bark. This was shaken by the hand in time to the music.

A few Indian tribes made a rattle from a turtle shell. The dead animal was removed and the shell was filled with pebbles. A dancer often strapped these rattles to his belt or just below his knee.

Gourds also made good rattles. They grow wild in the southwestern United States and in Mexico.

Both ends of the gourd were cut off. The insides were removed and replaced with sand, then dried in the sun. The walls of the gourd dried hard as wood. The sand was then replaced with smooth, round pebbles. A long stick was run through the holes in the gourd. At the bottom end, it stuck out only far enough to be fastened with piñon gum. At the neck end, it stuck out about five inches to make a handle. The gourd was often painted, or decorated with feathers.

Sometimes rattles were made of animal skin. A frame of green willows was made, sometimes gourd-shaped. A piece of skin was dampened and stretched over this frame. Pebbles were put inside and the skin dried into shape.

The drum was very important in all Indian music and dances. Sometimes a circle of wood was covered with rawhide to make a drum much like our tambourine. Sometimes two circles of wood, held apart by wooden sticks, made the drum shape. Two pieces of skin were soaked overnight so they would stretch easily. The next day they were stretched over the ends of the drum, and their edges were laced together with a strip of leather. The wet skin dried tightly over the ends of the drum.

Some drums were made from a hollowed-out section of a tree, with skins stretched over the open ends. The Indians liked to paint their drums in bright colors.

A water drum was made by some tribes. Only one end of a log was hollowed out. The hollow part was filled with water and a piece of skin stretched tightly over the top. The sound of the drum was

changed by the amount of water used. Some tribes just stretched a piece of hide over a pot of water to get the same effects.

A drummer often used only his hands to beat the drum. Some Indians sat on the ground and tapped sticks on baskets turned upside down. The Northwest Indians pounded sticks on a board or on rafters.

But most drummers made drumsticks. One kind of drumstick was made from pebbles rolled up in a piece of skin and fastened to a stick. Another was a stick with a hoop at one end. The hoop was covered with skin to deaden the sound.

It was necessary to heat all drums except the water drum so that the drumheads would be

tight before using. The amount of heat used made different tones of the drum. Sometimes dances had to be stopped so a drum could be reheated. Many times, one drum was being heated while the other one was being played.

Many Indian tribes made flutes from hollow reeds, cottonwood, or other soft wood. These flutes usually had three to six holes for the fingers. Music could not be played on these flutes. The sound was a clear whistle.

Another kind of flute had four holes cut in one end. A mouthpiece of smooth wood was placed in the end. This flute was blown from the end, not the side. Sometimes the flute was painted with bright colors and decorated with feathers or strings of skin.

One of the Indian's most important instruments was the war whistle. This was usually made of a straight bone from a deer or turkey leg. Indians liked to decorate it with porcupine quills of different colors.

An unusual instrument was made from a long, thin piece of wood. One side was flat and had ridges carved into it. One end of the stick was put into the ground. The player kneeled and held the other end with his left hand. He held a short, smooth stick in his right hand, and rubbed it on the ridges to make a loud scraping sound.

The Indians were happy people. They sang most of the time, and played their few musical instruments much of the time.

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By Florence Randall

The early Indians had two kinds of music, just as we have—music that was sung and music that was played.

Mothers made up lullabies to sing the babies to sleep. Indians sang songs as they worked. Sometimes the men beat their drums while the women sang and ground corn, to make the work go faster and seem easier.

Indians had special songs for their different religious ceremonies. They sang when they thought death was near. They sang a song to bring them good luck when they set their hunting traps. They sang songs for every important thing they did in life.

★ Music is one of the many cultural contributions by the American Indian.



What Would You Do?

Suppose your hands were smeared with dirt or chocolate candy and you wished to look at the pictures in a book. What would you do?

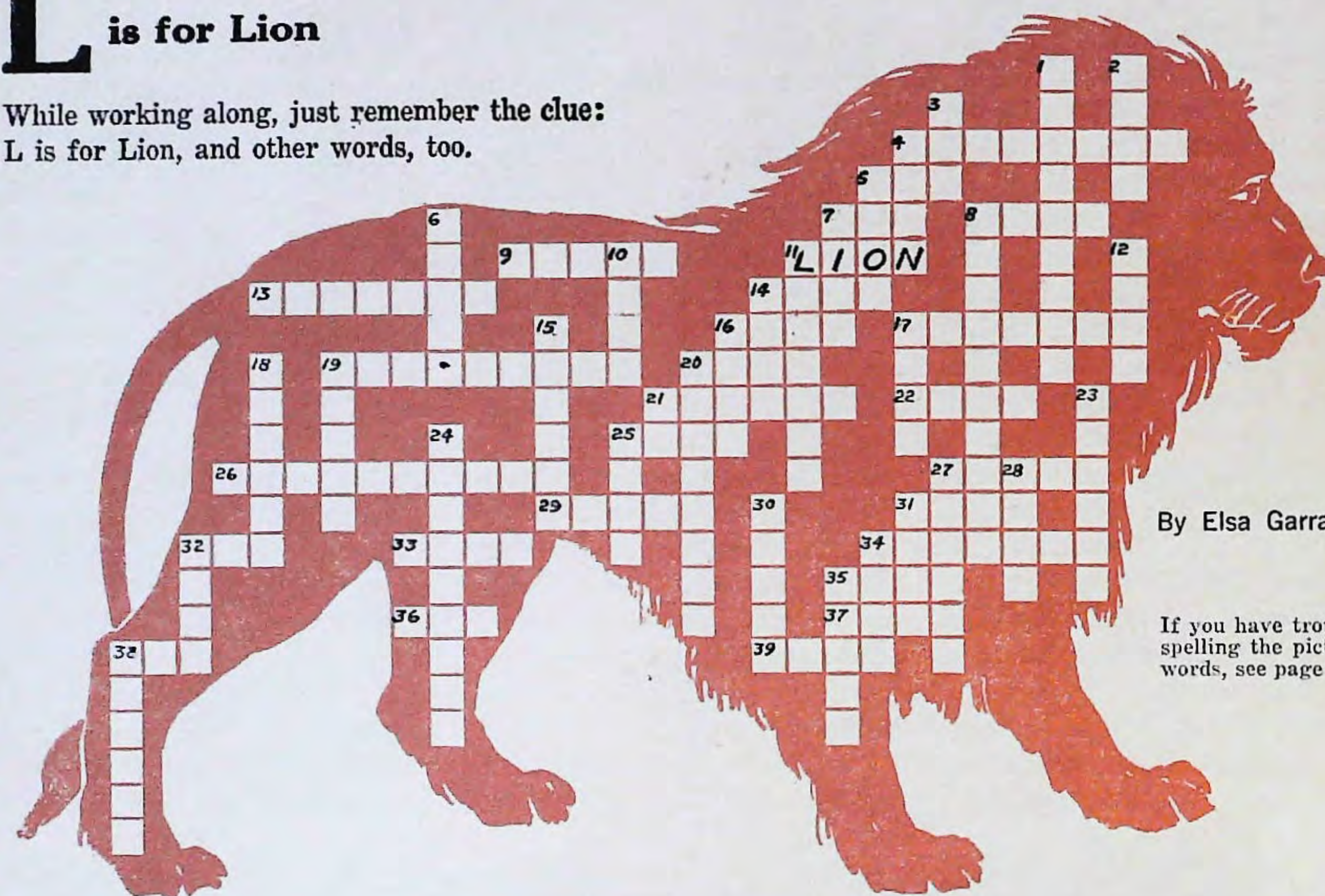
Suppose you were sitting in a bus near the entrance and not an empty seat was left. Then suppose a mother entered the bus with a baby in her arms. What would you do?

Suppose by accident you broke a very nice dish of your mother's when nobody saw you. What would you do?

Suppose you were playing happily with another child when a third child came along. Then suppose the second child wanted you to tell the third child to go away. What would you do?

L is for Lion

While working along, just remember the clue:
L is for Lion, and other words, too.



By Elsa Garratt

If you have trouble
spelling the pictured
words, see page 38.

26

Across



Down



What No One Could Seem To Remember About Uncle Bill

By Katherine Coxall

Up in the room in which Mother and Billy slept when they visited Grandpa, Billy snuggled down in the little bed. Mother said that it was the very same bed which Uncle Bill had slept in when he was a little boy.

"Happy, Billy?" asked Mother.

"Happy? You bet!" answered Billy. "It's fun to be at Grandpa's and Grandma's and Uncle Bill's house. They're so nice and we love them so much. But, Mother, why is Uncle Bill such a little man? What makes that funny bump on his back?"

Mother pulled her chair up close to Billy's bed. It was nice when she did that because that meant there was going to be a story, and Billy loved stories. Right by his bed was a window looking out over Grandpa's front yard.

"Billy," said Mother, "did you ever notice the two trees on each side of the walk coming up to the house?"

Billy pulled himself up and looked out the window. On each side of the walk he saw a maple tree. One of the trees was tall and straight. The other was short and bent.

"Would you like to know the story about those trees, Billy? See how one of the trees is tall and straight. Then can you see how the other tree is bent and twisted halfway up? You can

scarcely see it through the branches, but it's much shorter, and its branches all bend to one side."

"Yes, Mother, I see. And I like that tree because its branches are low and I can climb up into them."

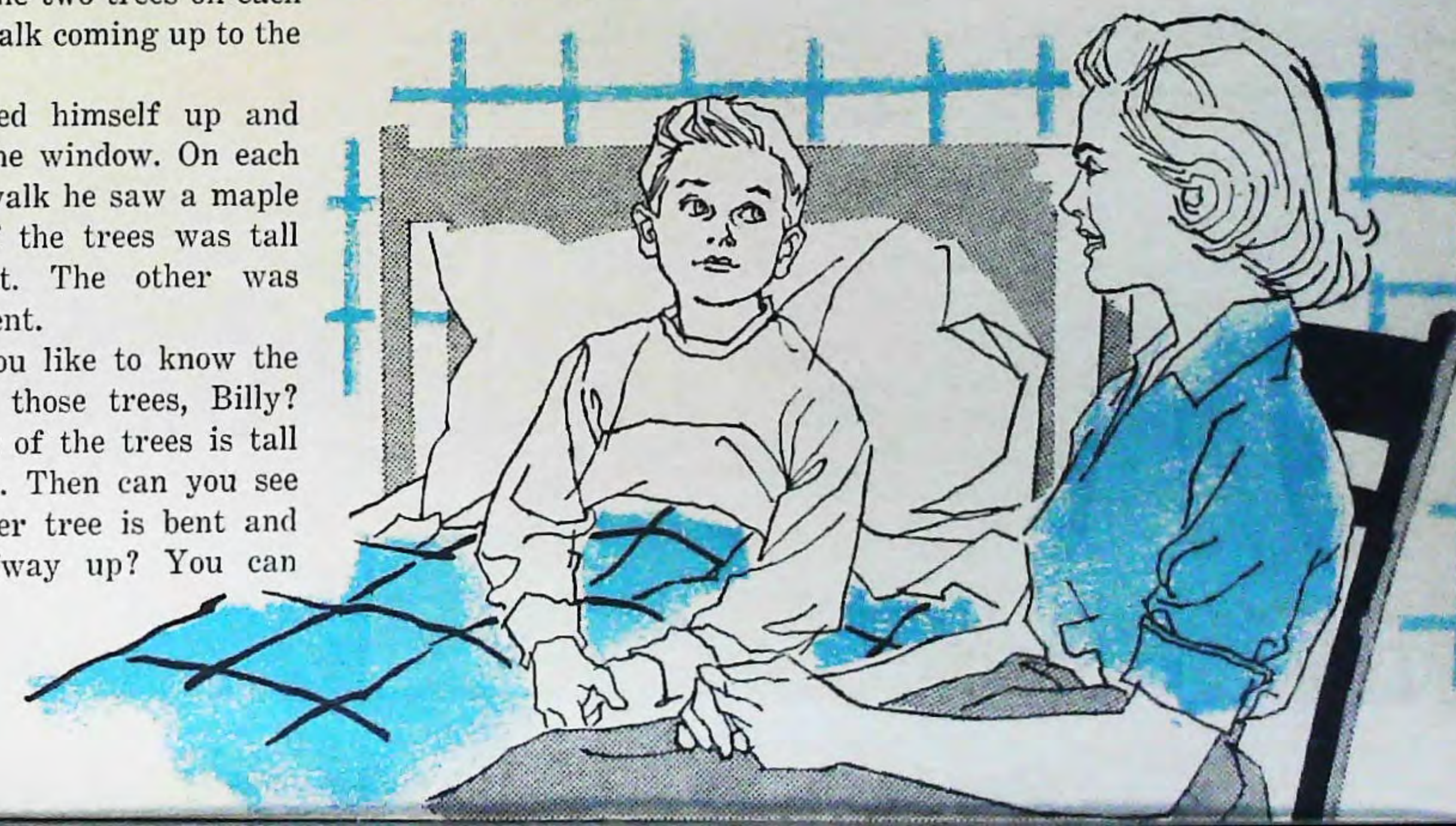
"When I was a very little girl," said Mother, "your grandfather planted those trees. They were just little trees with very slender trunks and very few branches. Grandpa called them his twins because, you see, they looked just alike. Then one day Grandpa decided to have the house painted. Men came with trucks in which they carried tall ladders and lots of big pails of paint. One of the painters backed his truck up over the lawn and hit one of our beautiful trees.

"At first it looked as though

the little tree had just had its bark pulled off. Grandpa painted the spot so the tree wouldn't die. But as the trees grew bigger, all of us saw that the older our little hurt tree grew, the more its trunk bent. Instead of being tall and straight like its twin, it was lopsided and crooked. We all loved that tree. When I was a little girl, I would climb up in it and hide in the leaves and surprise Grandpa when he came home from work.

"And Uncle Bill—well, you see, it's something like our tree. Almost everyone who is born into this world is given a straight trunk, only we don't call it that. We call it a spine. That's the row of funny little bumpy spots you can feel down the middle of your back. The spine is what helps us to stand straight and tall. And

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



27

as we grow, it grows, too. Sometimes when boys and girls are little babies, there is an accident which hurts their spine, and then the same thing happens that changed our tree. Instead of the baby growing straight and tall, he bends as he grows. His spine which should be straight is crooked. And because of this he can never be as tall as he should be. For, you see, just like the tree, he bends and becomes lopsided."

"Does it hurt Uncle Bill, Mother?" asked Billy.

"No, Billy. Your Uncle Bill is quite a strong man. The way he feels is no different than you with your sturdy, straight back. Some people are thoughtless just because people look different, and say things that hurt. They don't mean to be unkind. They just

don't understand. Uncle Bill, and all the people who are little and do not have straight backs, want boys and girls and big people to forget all about the way their bodies look, and to like them for all the nice things that they can do for people."

"Like the way Uncle Bill is going to build my tent," interrupted Billy.

"Yes, Billy," answered Mother. "Someday I will read you a story about a man named Charles Steinmetz who was born with a strange crooked back, but who became one of the most famous scientists the world has ever known."

"Uncle Bill is famous, too," boasted Billy.

"You're right, son. He is one of the best lawyers in the whole state."

About the Author

Katherine Croxall, for years head of the South Bend, Indiana, Children's Library, is no longer alive. But as long as we have a memory, she will live in it. We saw her first and last some dozen years ago, when she presented us to an audience of parents. In less than half a minute, she made every person there forget she was a hunchback. It's her lovely face and voice and speech that we recall, so radiant a personality she was.

A few weeks later we wrote Katherine Croxall, asking her to write a story for HIGHLIGHTS, showing children how persons often rise above physical handicaps. About two years ago, after Katherine's death, her mother came across this story by Katherine and sent it to us. In this story, Katherine Croxall lives to inspire all of us.

The Editors

★ A glorious victory over a physical handicap.

Prove It Yourself

By Rose Wyler

Author of *The First Book of Science Experiments*

You can draw a cloud from the air

1

Use a little warm water to wet the inside of a clean soda-pop bottle. The water evaporates. It turns into water vapor, an invisible gas.



2

Drop a lighted match into the bottle. The match goes out, leaving a trail of smoke.



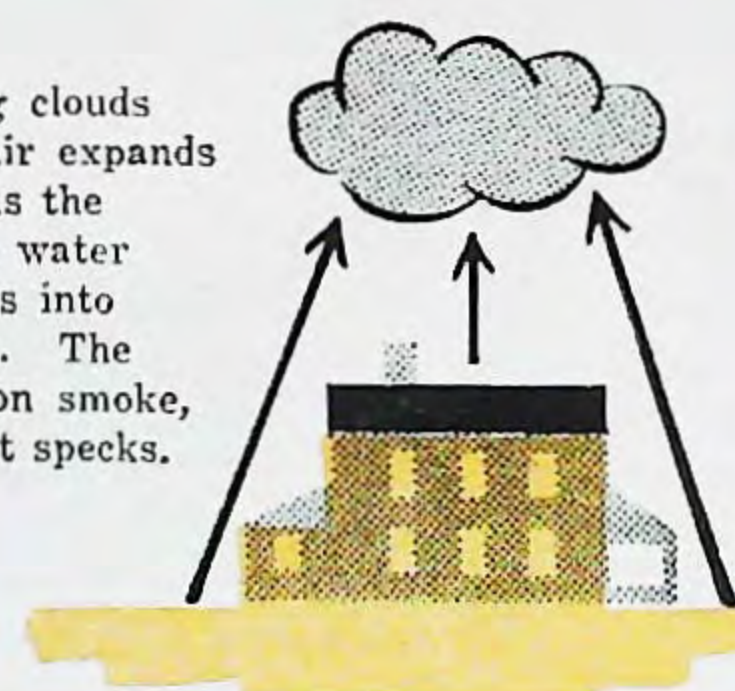
3

Stand with your back to the light. Suck air out of the bottle. The air left inside expands to fill up the space, and it cools. This makes the water vapor gather into drops big enough to see. The drops form on smoke specks. They make a little cloud.



4

Outdoors, big clouds form when air expands and rises. As the air cools, its water vapor gathers into visible drops. The drops form on smoke, dust, and salt specks.



The Butterfly

Once there was a caterpillar. His name was Fuzzy. He was a fat one. He was so lonely. Nobody would play with him and everybody laughed at him. Finally he would not stand it any longer. So he packed some milkweed to eat for that is what caterpillars eat. Early in the morning he got up and started off.

Now Fuzzy, the caterpillar, happened to come across a little house. He thought maybe somebody would like him. He knocked on the door. A lightning bug came out. Then Fuzzy said, "Could you give me a room to sleep in and some food to eat?" "What!" said the lightning bug. "Not for the likes of you." "There are no other bugs like me," said Fuzzy. "Oh, yes there are," said the lightning bug. "Show me where to find them," said Fuzzy. Lightning Bug answered, "Over the first hill, and around the second hill." But it was a long way and Fuzzy sat down on a milkweed plant. He thought he would take a nap so he spun a cocoon as every caterpillar does. He slept and slept.

One day he woke up, and there was a beautiful butterfly beside him. He knew it would laugh at him, but he said, "Let's play." So he went with the butterfly. They went to the pond and looked down into the water. It was like a mirror. There were two butterflies. Then he knew that he was one, too. And that goes to show you shouldn't be worried about how you look. The butterfly lived happily ever after with his new friend.

Nancy Cress, Age 8
Carter School
Wichita, Kans.

★ Prose is a better medium than verse for creative writing by children. The shorter the child's story, the better its chance of being printed in HIGHLIGHTS.

Our Own Stories

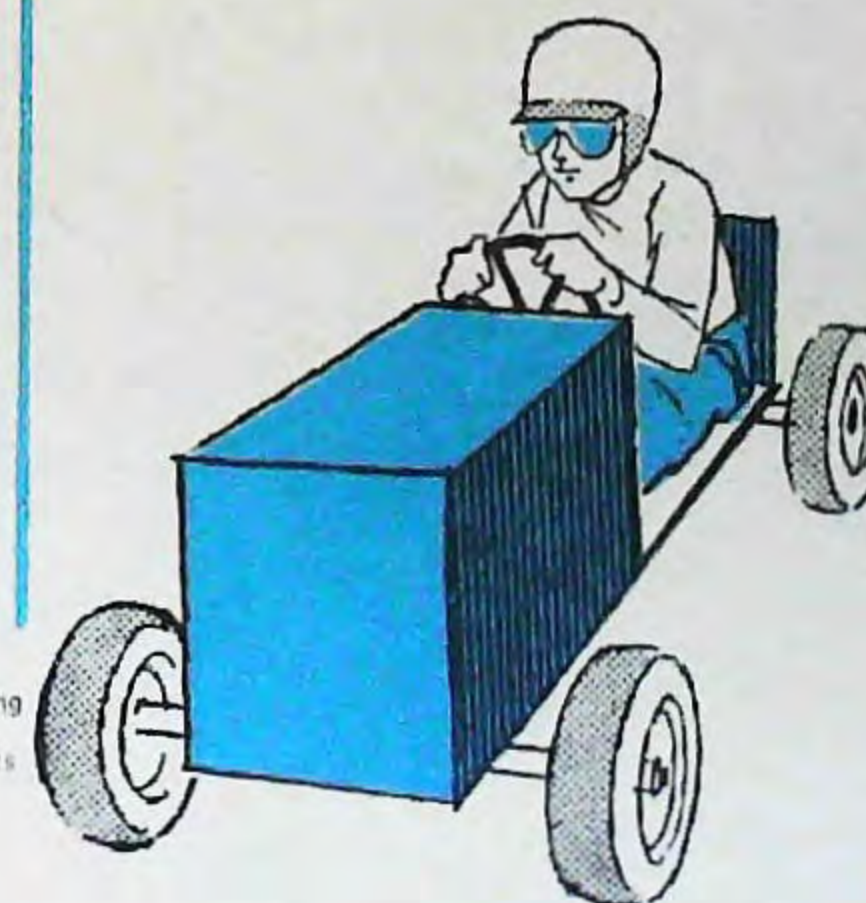
My Adventure

There I was in the middle of all those people. The people were all praising me and cheering me. I had won the soapbox race, and I was very happy about it. I was holding that beautiful trophy high above my head. Everything was perfect.

But all of a sudden, poof! Everything was gone! The people, the trophy, and all. Instead of the trophy high above my head, I was holding a hammer. I must have accidentally hit my head and started dreaming. I was all alone in my workroom with boxes, nails, screws, and paint all laid in front of me. I really didn't win the race, but I still might have a chance.

The next day I went with my racer to the real race. There were racers much more prettier than mine, but I didn't give up. Maybe mine was faster, that's what counted. But it just wasn't fast enough, I guess, because I lost. But I had an idea now on how to build next year's racer.

Rosemary Sanchez, Age 13
311 Coronado
Belem, N. M.



Why the Turtle Has a Shell

Once upon a time there was a little turtle named Oliver Herman Groopinsnookle. In those days turtles didn't have any protection because they didn't have shells.

One day Oliver Herman Groopinsnookle, the turtle, went for a walk. While he was walking he came upon an old fruit bowl, and that gave him an idea. His idea was to strap a fruit bowl to his back. He thought it was such a good idea that he brought it to the National Inturtle Revenue of Defense for Turtles. The president of the National Inturtle Revenue of Defense for Turtles thought it was a good idea, so he had every turtle wear one from then on. And Oliver Herman Groopinsnookle was made famous.

Robert Pratt, Age 11
Montowese School
North Haven, Conn.

Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



How Goofus combs his hair.

How Gallant combs his hair.

30



Goofus walks right through the puddle.

Gallant walks around the puddle.



Goofus leaves his shoes and socks scattered on the floor.



Gallant puts his shoes and socks together neatly at bedtime.

★ On being neat and tidy.

Fun With Words

A Word Square

Notice that these letters spell the same word, across and down.

t r e n d
r o v e r
e v e r y
n e r v e
d r y e r

Who refers to persons.

That refers to persons, animals, or things.

Which never refers to persons.

Say the right words in the blank places as you read the following.

The man _____ was here went home.
This is the house _____ Jack built.
We saw the horse _____ was lost.
I like best the roses _____ are red.
Did you see the lady _____ kissed the king?

One Word for Two

Isn't is another way to say is not.

The letter o is missing in isn't, and two words have been made into one word.

That's is another way to say that is.

The letter i is missing in that's. What letters are missing in the following words?

What two words does each stand for?

don't	he's
wasn't	there's
it's	where's
here's	couldn't
wouldn't	didn't

Make up sentences, using in each a shortened word.

Make Them Alive

Change one letter in the name of each of these objects, to spell the name of a living creature. For example: bell to bull.

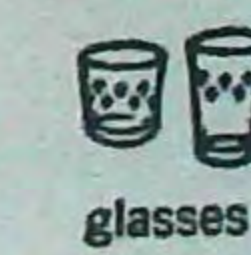
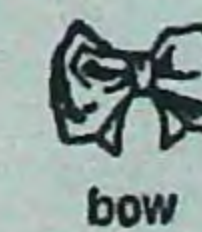
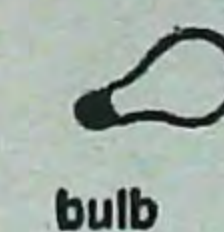
Answer, page 38



31

★ Had you ever supposed that mere words could become so interesting?

Same Word, Different Meanings



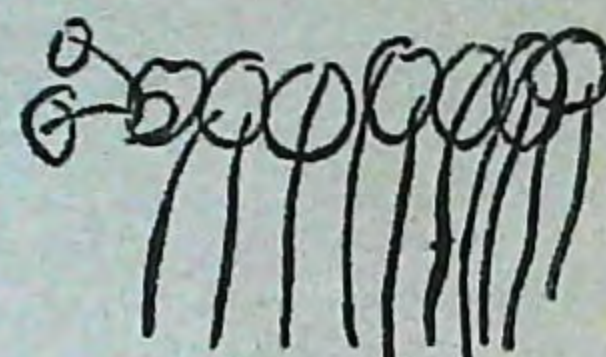
Our Own Pages



Joye Lynn Divine, Age 9
4719 Tulsa St.
Shreveport, La.



Crooked Man
Pat McGee, Age 3
10807 Baldwin, N.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.



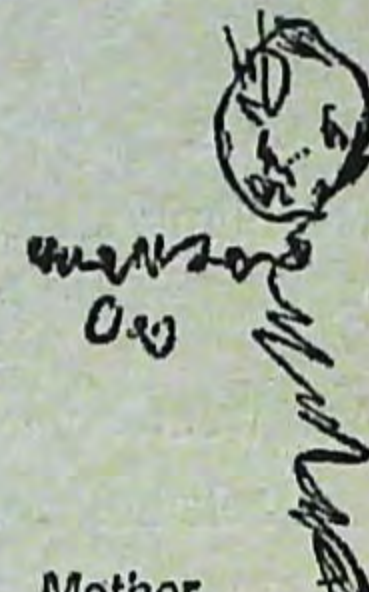
Caterpillar
Beth McLaughlin, Age 9
114 Hermitage Rd.
Newport News, Va.



Mr. Early Bird
Kathy Nemeth, Age 5
146 St. Ann Way
Weirton, W. Va.



Sandra Soukup, Age 11
Seward, Neb.



Mother
Mary K. Gilmann, Age 2
1593 Leigh Rd.
Memphis, Tenn.



Man With Kite
Kathleen Brown, Age 4
349 Terrace Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.



**Jumping Rope
in Front of Our House**

Venus DiPino, Age 11
630 Morris St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Boy Flying Kite
John Grobman, Age 6
2223 Live Oak
Waco, Texas



Nancy Burger, Age 8
405 Revillo Blvd.
Daytona Beach, Fla.



St. Patrick
Janet Rae Hume, Age 9
1215 E. Harrison
Kirksville, Mo.

**La Campesina Colombiana
(Colombian country girl)**

Carolyn Cregger, Age 11
Cra. 27A #43-46
Bogota, Colombia, S.A.

Pussy Willows

I know a little pussy.
She's soft as a pillow.
She lives on a hill,
And she's a pussy willow!
Although she is a pussy,
She'll never be a cat.
She's a pussy willow,
And that is that!

Patty Ramsell, Age 11
5216 Harvey Way
Long Beach, Calif.

Cathy Woolner, Age 8
31 Clubway
Hartsdale, N. Y.

Elaine Wells, Age 11
33 Southern Rd.
Hartsdale, N. Y.

The Wind

He comes before the grass turns
green.
He can be heard but can't be
seen.
He makes the children's kites
fly high,
But sometimes he is just a sigh!
He goes to far-off lands, I hear,
Though for him it's very near.
At times he is both gay and free
And blows the sails to make
boats flee
Far, far out to sea.



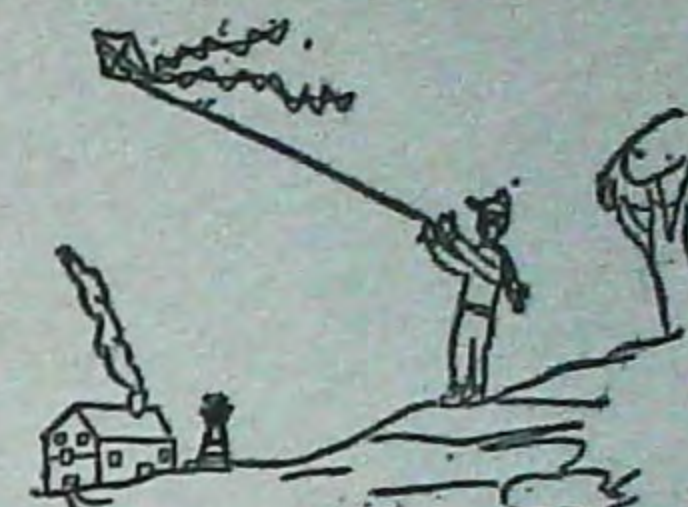
**Waiting for
the School Bus**
Claudia Lammers, Age 5
14 Birchwood Dr.
Cliffwood Beach, N. J.



Girl With Dog Flying Kite
Julia Ann Wehrmeyer, Age 4
3315 Monteith Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio



Two Funny Men
Mark Werner, Age 4
14421 Rosemary
Oak Park, Mich.



Mary Jane Edwards, Age 11
2114 8th St.
Wichita Falls, Texas



Men in Space
Richard Cole, Age 6
13911 Idarose
Cleveland, Ohio



Old-time Train
Peter Mayo, Age 7
3041 S. Birmingham Pl.
Tulsa, Okla.



Lynn Nicholson, Age 7
530 N. Randall
Aurora, Ill.



Roger Safford, Age 5
536 Helene
Royal Oak, Mich.



Piracy
Tom Tudor, Age 10
637 36th St.
Des Moines, Iowa

High Wind

When the wind is blowing high
There's a giant in the sky.
His magic fan he's swinging,
And he keeps the wind a-singing.

Danny Kennedy, Age 7
Prospect Hill School
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

The Sea

On an angry day
The waves get mad.
They are like a dog and cat.
They bite the shore
And they bite the boats,
On an angry day.

Richard H. Eyster, Age 7
3403 Drummond Rd.
Toledo, Ohio

In the Fog

Car lights in the fog
Seem to be
Huge horses' eyes
Coming at me.

Cathy Winsor, Age 7
Prospect Hill School
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

My Dream

One night I had a funny
dream. I dreamt that my friend
Teresa and I were in the middle
of a picnic. We thought we saw
an eagle. We ran to where he
landed. He landed in mid-air!
On his back was President Eisen-
hower! We thought he was after
us. But he wasn't. We talked to
the President. Then we went
back to the picnic. A lady served
ice-cream cones with the supper.
Then I woke up.

Prayer

Thank You for each bright new
day.
Thank You for our work and
play.
Thank You for our food so good.
Help us to do just as we should.

Carol Ann Settle, Age 10
Franklin Elementary School
Tulsa, Okla.

Patricia Gober, Age 9
409 Wellington Rd.
Alexandria, Va.

My Dog Lucky

I have a beautiful dog, and I
love him very much. Let me tell
you how I got him. One day it
was cold and rainy. We were
sitting in the car waiting for my
father to come out of work. Then
we saw a little puppy, soaking
wet and shivering with cold.
When my father opened the door
to get in the car, the puppy
jumped in and would not get out.
He was very hungry and skinny,
so we took him home. I named
him Lucky because it was lucky
that we found him.

Robert Riposo, Age 8
Bryn Mawr Pl.
Syracuse, N. Y.

The Wind

Sometimes the wind is our
enemy. Sometimes the wind is
our friend. It is our enemy when
the hurricanes come. It is our
friend when it blows the sail-
boats to sea. It is our friend
when it flies our kites.

Mark Larson, Age 7
Calvin Coolidge School
Ferndale, Mich.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

Intermezzo

Johannes Brahms

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

64

Andante

p

L.H. marcato

rit.

Johannes Brahms

1833-1897

By Irene Bennett Needham

All over Europe and the Americas this year, babies will be sung to sleep with lullabies composed by Johannes Brahms. Children will do ballet dances to some of his Hungarian dances. Groups of musicians at home and on the stage will play his stringed quartets and trios. Orchestras will play his symphonies if they can play well enough. Singers will sing his songs on the concert stage, and pianists and violinists will play his concertos with orchestras.

The boy who grew up to be this great composer, was born in 1833 in Hamburg, Germany, in a poor part of the city near the docks. The solid six-story apartment building in which he was born still stands. His father played the double bass in a theater orchestra. He did everything to encourage his son's music study, getting the very best teachers he could afford.

Since musicians were very poorly paid, young Johannes had to help earn the living. From the time he was eight or nine years

old he played the piano in water-front cafés and dance halls. Whenever the cry "Ship's in!" sounded through the streets, young Johannes was sent to work even if he had to be waked from sleep.

Johannes had to learn to play in any key in which these people were able to sing. This proved very useful later when he toured Europe with Reményi, a gypsy violinist, and on his own as a concert pianist. If he found the piano tuned too low or too high, he was able to transpose the most difficult music instantly to make it sound right on that piano.

Johannes was a very good pianist at nine. At fifteen he was so advanced that he gave a concert in Hamburg, playing the great masterpieces plus a few of his own compositions.

When Joachim, the greatest violinist of the day, heard him play, he gave Brahms two letters, one to Franz Liszt and one to Robert Schumann. Schumann was already a famous composer, and Clara, his wife, had been

a concert pianist since the age of twelve.

Young Johannes, with his longish blond hair combed back, his music roll under his arm, knocked at the Schumann door one fine morning.

Schumann read Joachim's letter, then looked at the fine, intelligent face of the twenty-year-old youth, and led him to the piano.

When Johannes had played a bit, Schumann said, "Wait. My Clara must hear this."

Clara came and listened, too. When Johannes had finished with some of his own compositions, Schumann laid his hand on Brahms' shoulder and looked at his wife. Her eyes answered. She, too, thought this boy had genius.

Schumann wrote to his own publisher, sending along Brahms' music and his own praise of it. Brahms did not have to struggle as Schubert and Mozart did because the older man, through his publisher and praise of Brahms in his own music magazine, helped the younger man to get started.

Through all the commotion

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



over him, young Brahms kept on composing. After Robert Schumann's death, his young widow Clara played the compositions of her husband, Brahms, and Beethoven all over Europe, until all musical Europe came to understand it. Her large family of children worshiped the young man who played the piano with their mother, romped with them, fed them sweets, and told them such amazing stories.

Brahms hated the pampered children of the rich and was scarcely civil to them in their own homes. With the children of the poor it was a different story. He liked to fill his pockets with wrapped candies and stroll along

some poor street where children played on the sidewalk, and "accidentally" drop candies. Soon he'd have a flock of little people behind him. Then he'd find a bench and sit down with the littlest on his knee and the others crowded close to him while he told stories and passed out candies.

Brahms never married. As he grew older, he grew a beard, wore clothes that needed pressing, and lived in three small plain rooms in Vienna. He never had a fine studio, but he always had money to help his relatives, friends, or poor musicians who needed it. He held positions as orchestra leader or choir direc-

tor, but his publishers paid him enough so that he could live by his compositions. His great genius made him welcome in the homes of the wealthy and famous, but he never forgot his humble friends.

Brahms died at sixty-four, leaving the world forever richer for having been here.

Probably no other period of time has had as many famous musicians. The Schumanns, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Strauss, and many others were all composing and giving concerts at about the time Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer. Liszt and Wagner outlived President Lincoln.

★ Suppose Brahms had never learned to work hard when he was a boy.



"Are you an insect?"



"No. We spiders are not true insects. We have eight legs."

Mixed Proverbs

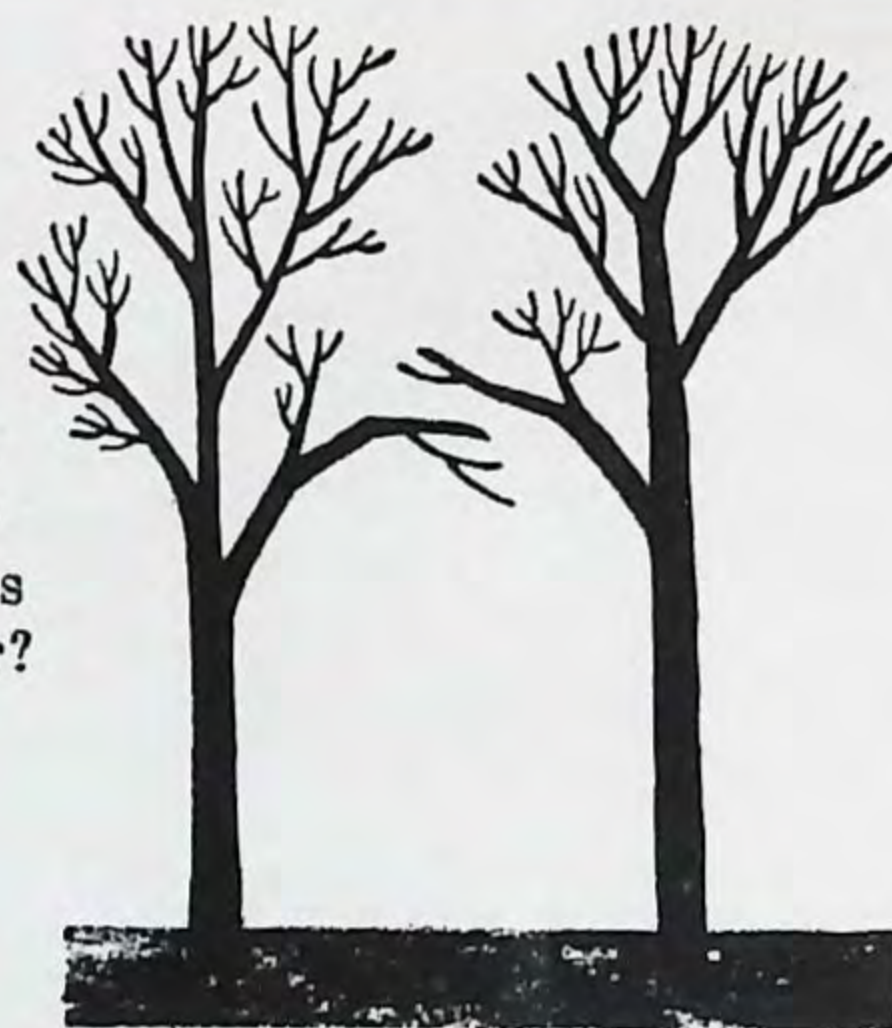
The proof of the pudding
Practice what
It takes two
Spare the rod
Easier said
Never put off till
Every rose has
Procrastination is
A word to the

Look at the beginning of each proverb at the left. At the right find the part that belongs to it.

tomorrow what you can do today.
and spoil the child.
the thief of time.
is in the eating.
wise is sufficient.
its thorn.
than done.
to make a quarrel.
you preach.

What Is the Shortest Way?

What is the shortest way by which a worm could go from the top of one of the tall trees to the top of the other? A squirrel? A bird?



Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers Professor of Botany and Zoology
University of Texas

Question:

Why do some things float on water when others do not? Wood will float but steel will not. I can see how you can build a ship of wood. But how can a ship float when it is built of steel?

Last month we talked about the buoyant (boy-unt) force of water. When we put something like a rock in water, the rock must push away or displace its own volume of water. The rock sinks. But it seems lighter in water than it did in air. Since the water is trying to get where the rock is, there is an upward push or buoyant force.

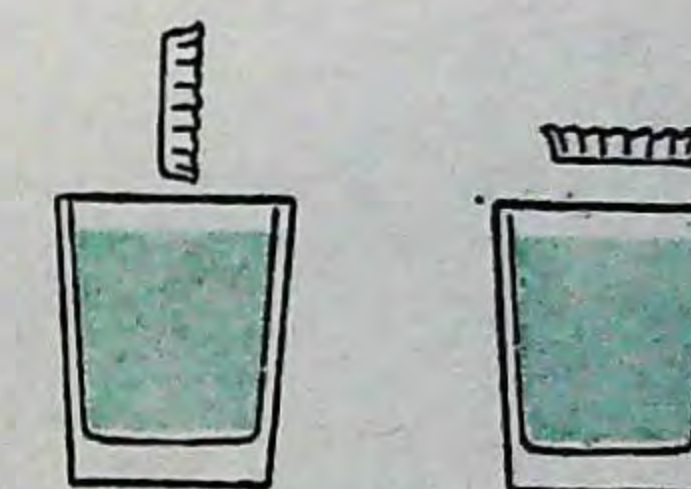
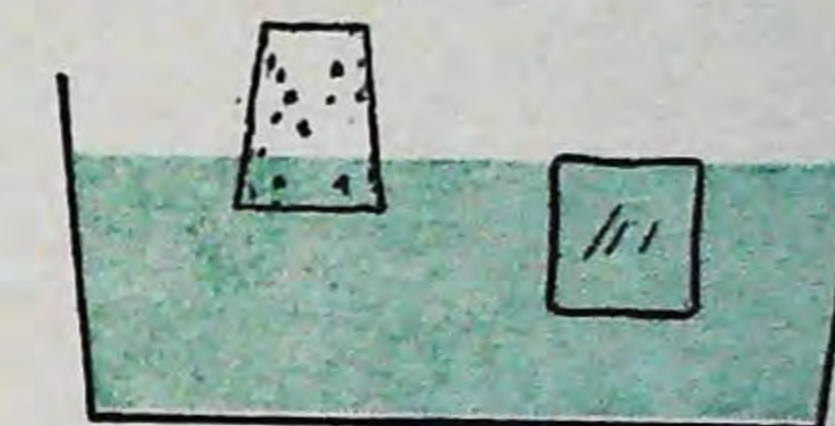
Now suppose that instead of a rock we use a piece of wood. We say that the wood floats. But what does this mean? Put a piece of wood in a glass or a pan of water. You will see that part of the wood sinks below the surface. The wood sinks until it displaces its own weight of water. So if an object weighs less than an equal volume of water, it will float partly above the surface. If an object weighs more than an equal volume of water, it will sink.

You can do an experiment to learn about floating bodies with a glass of water, a cork, and an ice cube. A cork weighs about $\frac{1}{4}$ as much as an equal volume of water. So when you drop a cork onto a glass of water, it will float with about $\frac{1}{4}$ of it below the water surface. Now put an ice cube in the glass of water. It floats. But notice that most of it is below the water surface. Ice weighs about $\frac{9}{10}$ as much as

an equal volume of water. So an ice cube sinks until it displaces $\frac{9}{10}$ of its volume of water and floats with only about $\frac{1}{10}$ of the cube above the surface.

Now how about the ship that floats even though it is made of steel? Steel is almost 8 times as heavy as its own volume of water. So a piece of steel always sinks. But does it? Let's do an experiment to find out. All we need is a metal cap from a soft-drink bottle. Pry out the cork liner with a blunt knife. Now you have a thin piece of iron (which is just about the same density as steel). Does it float or sink in a glass of water? The answer depends upon how you put it on the water. What happens when you put it edge first into the water? What happens when you hold it carefully upside down and put it onto the water? Why does it float one way and not the other?

The answer is the same for all floating bodies. An object floats if it displaces more than its own weight of water. So even with steel, if we can make it into something shaped like a bottle cap or an ocean liner, increasing its volume so that it



displaces more than its own weight of water, then it will float.

The ocean liner "United States" has a hull built of steel. When it is loaded, it weighs about 50,000 tons. It takes about 250 gallons of water to weigh one ton. Can you figure out how many gallons of water the liner "United States" must displace in order to float?

And what happens if an ocean liner gets a big hole in its bottom? Make a hole in your bottle cap with a nail and hammer, and see if it still will float.



★ So simple that a child six or seven may understand it and do the experiment.

Verse

Moving Day

By Jacqueline Selzer

When Mother Cat decides to move,
She acts so very proud.
She finds a home and doesn't care
If cats are not allowed.

She moves her kittens, one by one,
According to her plan.
She carries them, and doesn't need
To call a moving van.



Giggles

By Edith Smith

What do you do when the giggles begin?
Do you squirm and try to keep them in,
Or slow them down with a silly grin,
Or wriggle?
I giggle.

Flying My Kite

By Louise Darcy

March wind is blowing.
Today is just right
For me to go out
And fly my new kite.



Health Quiz

Why should we not use our teeth to cut a string or thread?
When you have a cold and the doctor examines you, how does he do it?

What is the difference between a nurse and a doctor?

What must the woman who manages the school cafeteria know?

Which has more food value, a banana or a cucumber?

Are fried foods good for babies and young children?

Why do we not eat a sweet dessert the first thing at a meal?

Answer, Crossword Puzzle, Page 26

[Across:] 4. lifeboat. 5. lad. 7. low. 8. leap. 9. ladle. 11. lion. 13. landing. 14. lamp. 16. line. 17. leopard. 19. lifeguard. 20. last. 21. letter. 22. loom. 25. lame. 26. lighthouse. 27. lilac. 29. lemon. 31. love. 32. lot. 33. limb. 34. license. 35. lock. 36. lip. 37. lake. 38. log. 39. leaf.

[Down:] 1. librarian. 2. leak. 3. lid. 4. lawn. 5. loop. 6. lance. 7. lime. 8. locomotive. 10. land. 11. lantern. 12. lady. 14. list. 15. laurel. 16. late. 17. lily. 18. lariat. 19. light. 20. lemonade. 21. la. 23. locker. 24. Louisiana. 25. lamb. 27. locket. 28. lens. 30. label. 31. tick. 32. long. 34. loaf. 35. llama. 38. ladder.

Answers, Make Them Alive, Page 31
Bull, parrot, kitten, fish, bug, pup, cow, man.

The Best Reason

Big children should not eat with their fingers

1. Because they might bite their fingers.
2. Because it makes them look like babies.
3. Because they might eat too fast.

A baby should not play with a butcher knife

1. Because he might break the knife.
2. Because he might scratch the furniture with it.
3. Because he might hurt himself with it.

Back of the Moon Photographed

"The Soviet vehicle, launched on October 3, crossed the moon's orbit some three days later. Shortly thereafter, in response to radio signals from earth, it pointed its two cameras at the moon and made the photographs. They were developed in the vehicle and were radioed back to the earth; one of them was released in Moscow on October 27."

—Scientific American, Dec., '59



"Two of them held me down while the third barber tried to cut it."

Fun With Phonics

gn



gnaw



gnat



gnu



gnome

Say these pictured words aloud.
Notice that in each word we do not hear the g sound. It is a silent letter.

What letter comes right after the g in each word?

Say aloud these pictured words.
Listen for the sound of d.



duck



dove



dog



donkey

Now say the words below which begin with d.

rabbit	sun	house	dear
party	dirt	dinner	pet
dishes	only	work	dark

Long and Short Sounds of a, e, i, o, u

These pictured words have the long sound of a vowel.

Say each word aloud and listen for the long vowel sound.



cane key kite cone cube

These words have the short sound of the vowels. Say them aloud.



can bell king mop cub

Now say aloud the words below.

Listen for the long and short sounds of a, e, i, o, u.

Name the words with long sounds of the vowels.

Name the words with short sounds of the vowels.

rate	glen	dim	cope	mule
tub	cob	map	me	file
when	bite	rot	rug	haste

The answers to these questions

have short sounds of vowels:

What does a person wear on the head?

In what do we catch minnows?

What do we call the part of a fish that sticks up on its back?

What is another name for pig?

From what does your father drink coffee?

The answers to these questions

have long sounds of vowels:

What do you call the front of your head?

What gathers honey?

What do you hold by a string as it flies on a windy day?

What is the bottom part of your shoe called?

What do you call a block whose length, width, and height are the same?

Name more words with vowels of long and short sounds.

Frisky Zoo Friends

By Texie Hering

Use half a walnut shell for each head. Make features with quick-drying white paint, black for eye centers. Trace around each shell on lightweight cardboard, and cut out. Paste to the back of the shell, inserting tan yarn ears or mane between cardboard and shell.

Cut 3-by-2-inch cages from

bright-colored construction paper. Using a ruler, draw bars $\frac{1}{4}$ inch apart with brown crayon. Paste each head to a cage as shown. Paste or tape one end of a 3-inch yarn tail to the back of each cage. Shape the tail ends as shown.

Tape a looped-yarn hanger to the back of each cage.



40 Pony or Hippo

By Hilda K. Watkins

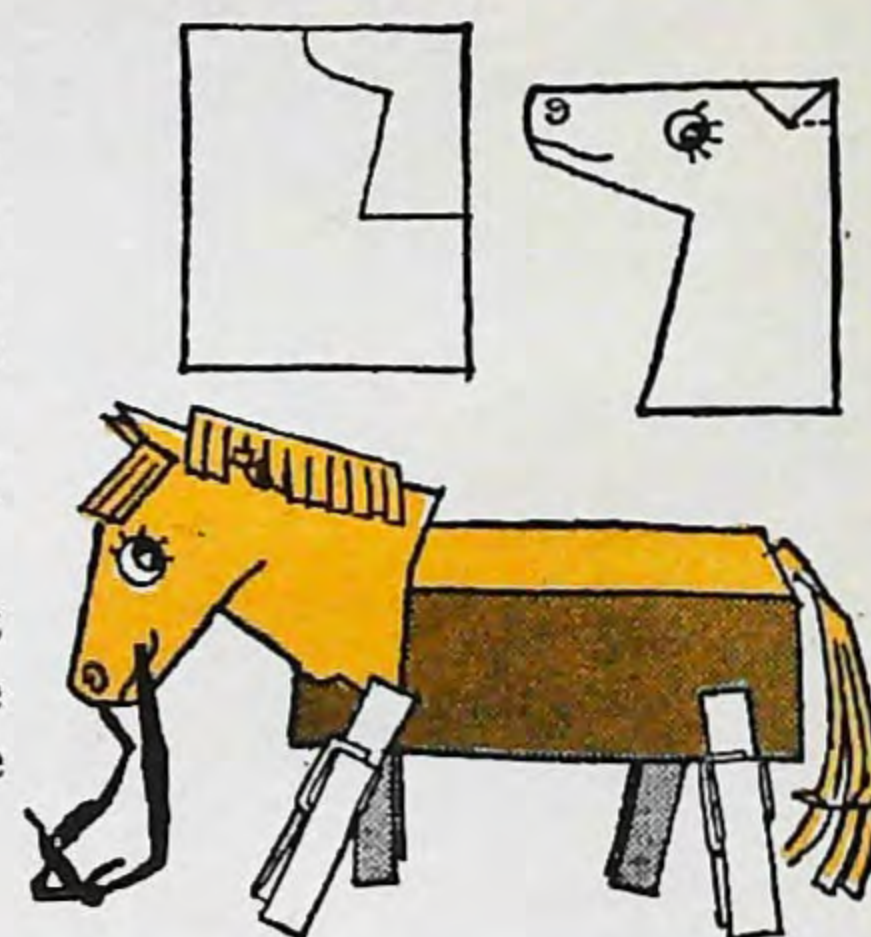
Cut about 2 inches off the bottom of a small cereal box. Cover it with paper from a large manila envelope. Clip on spring-type clothespins at each corner for legs. Cut and paste on a fringed paper tail.

At the bottom corner of the envelope, draw and cut out a horse's head as shown. Slit down the edge from the corner and fold out the points for ears.

Fold a strip of the manila paper, and cut a fringed mane and forelock. Paste them in place. Draw mouth, nostrils, and eyes. Run shoelace reins through holes at each corner of the mouth.

The two front clothespins will hold the head to the body.

For the hippopotamus, omit the mane and forelock, make smaller eyes, and flatten out the nose.



Round-handled Baskets

By Hilda K. Watkins

These baskets may be made from any size box desired. Place the hoop handle inside the box from corner to corner. Punch holes in the bottom of the box. Run string or ribbon up through the holes and over the handle, to fasten it firmly in place.

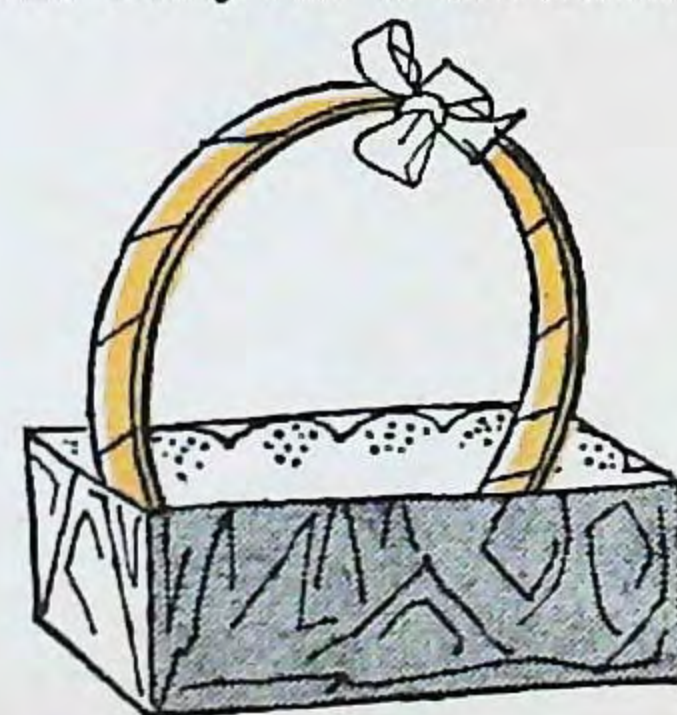
A large basket for carrying toys or small garden tools may be made from a cardboard carton. For the handle, use a wooden

hoop from the top of a peach basket. Tie this handle at the corners, too. Paint the entire basket, and the handle.

For sewing box size, use a small candy box or the bottom 3

inches of a cereal box, and an embroidery hoop handle. Cover the box with fancy paper. Wind ribbon around the handle.

To make the handle for the smallest basket, cut off $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the top of a small paper cup. Wind this hoop with ribbon. Cover the box with aluminum foil. If the box is used for candy or nuts, line it with a tiny lace-paper doily.



Push-pull Dollhouse

By Virginia Follis

This house can be pulled apart to pack away, or to carry to a friend's house. Paper dolls may be carried in envelopes. Boys can make garages, stores, or fire stations, using this idea.

From a corrugated paper box, cut two pieces 12 by 19 inches. Cover them with wallpaper or gift paper on both sides. Wallpaper paste is best for this. Smooth out all wrinkles carefully. Weight the pieces down with books or magazines while they dry, so they will not warp.

When dry, mark the center of each piece on the 19-inch side, and cut a slit halfway down. Make the slit wide enough so the two pieces can be fitted together as shown. If they are not quite "square," wedge in a toothpick or small piece of cardboard to hold them straight.

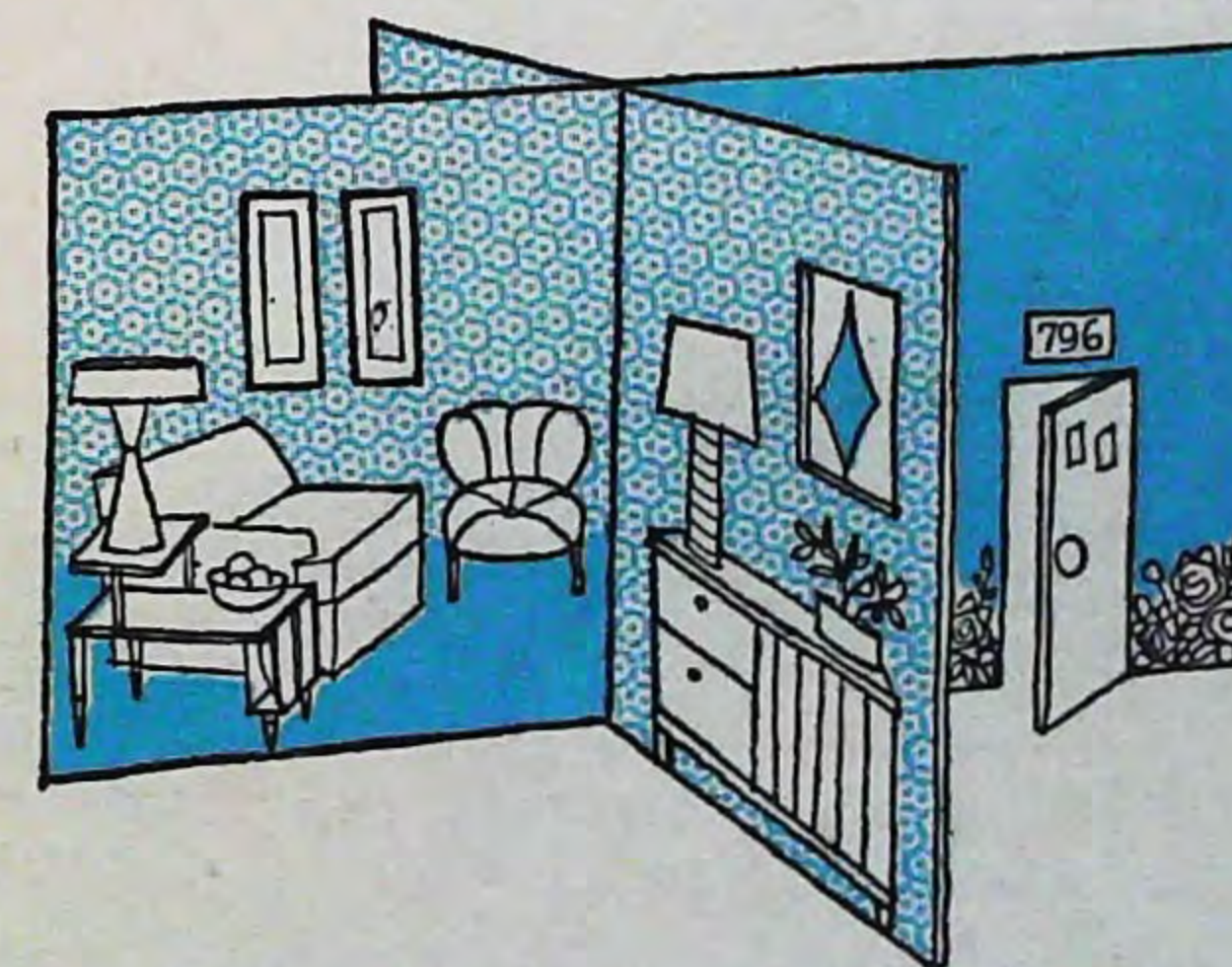
Paste cloth curtains at the

window. A paper fastener or a small bead makes a good door-knob. Cut pictures from old magazines and paste on the walls.

Use ready-made doll furniture, or paste cutouts from old magazines on boxes such as gelatin or matches come in. Cutouts can also be pasted on heavy paper and cut out, with a stand pasted

on the back to support them.

If preferred, the walls may be covered with crayon or paint instead of wallpaper. If painted, the pieces should be weighted down at the corners while drying. If crayoned, color them after pasting on pictures, clocks, and the like, as paste does not stick very easily to waxed surfaces.



Goofy Goggles

By Frances Benson

Want to see someone turn purple or green? Just make a pair of goofy goggles. Draw the design on a small box or a piece of lightweight cardboard. Cut out the goggles and try them on for size. Cut them to fit over the nose just right, and to get the eyeholes big enough to see through easily.

Paint the frames with bright paints, making them really fancy. After the paint has dried, put in the colored "lenses," using colored cellophane from old Easter or Christmas wrappings. Tape a piece under each eyehole. Trim off the extra cellophane. Put on the goggles and look around. Everything and everybody will have a new color.



Crazy Faces

By Frances Benson

Here is an idea for unusual party decorations—make some crazy faces to tie around in various spots. Buy enough balloons so there is at least one for each guest, then paint faces on the balloons with fingernail enamel which dries quickly.

Use your imagination. Paint eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth, sideburns, mustaches, beards, hair. Bits of cotton and cloth or corn silk can also be pasted on for hair.

When the guests leave, let each one select a balloon he likes, to take home. Perhaps some sort of contest could be arranged to determine just who gets the first choice, the second, and so on.





Headwork

Will water burn? Will ice?
 What will happen to an egg if you drop it
 on the floor?
 Which is older, a sheep or a lamb?
 How many wheels has a wagon? A tricycle?
 An automobile? A bicycle?
 Do we use a knife to peel a banana?
 Which would you rather hold in your hand,
 a kitten or a mouse?
 Do women have to shave their faces?
 If you were lost in a town or city, what
 person would be the best one to ask for help?
 Which is longer, an hour or a day?
 Which will spill more easily when you carry
 it in a pail, water or sand?
 How long do you suppose you could hold in
 your bare hand a large baked potato just taken
 from the oven?
 Do you like another child who is always
 bossing you around?
 Give some good reasons for wearing clothes.
 Does your mother whip cream because it has
 been bad? Then why does she whip it?

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When you add two numbers, is the answer
 more or less than the first number?

At the airport as you watch planes landing
 and taking off, how can you tell which are
 landing and which are taking off?

"The mice ate some of our pie last night,"
 said Florence. But no one had seen the mice.
 Then how could Florence tell?

"A new family moved into the house next
 door today," said Ruth. How could she have
 known this?

"You must have come through a snowstorm.
 We've had no snow here," said the stationman
 to the conductor. Why did the stationman say
 this?

"Who left the light on in the kitchen last
 night?" Lola's mother asked in the morning.
 Why did the mother ask this question?

Theresa is heavier than Tom. Then what
 may you say about Tom?

Suppose a blind man had a cup of tea and a
 cup of coffee on the table before him. In
 what ways could he tell which is the cup of
 tea and which the cup of coffee?

Suppose your grandfather is 56 years old.
 Could he have viewed television when he was
 no older than you are now?

In what way are blisters, pimples, and freck-
 les all alike? How are they different from
 one another?

★ The kind of mental agitators some teachers and parents can make up.

Parents! Important Notice

We have full-time or part-time work for moth-
 ers and others in many areas as HIGHLIGHTS
 sales representatives. This is an opportunity
 for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your
 chance to perform a real service to your com-
 munity and at the same time add substantially
 to your income. If you have a car and full-time
 or regular part-time hours available, write to
 Richard H. Bell, Director of Sales, HIGHLIGHTS
 FOR CHILDREN, Inc., 37 East Long Street,
 Columbus, Ohio.

Let's Make a Mobile

By Thomas P. Ramirez

This easy-to-make mobile has
 no required design. It's like little
 Topsy—it just grows.

Materials needed are eight or
 ten sticks of balsa, $\frac{1}{8}$ by $\frac{1}{8}$ by
 36 inches, a tube of model ce-
 ment, several sheets of tissue pa-
 per of different colors, some
 straight pins, a single-edge razor
 blade, a piece of stiff flat card-
 board, some waxed paper, and a
 spool of dark thread.

Cut and glue the balsa sticks
 in interesting patterns as in
 Figure 1. Choose shapes and pat-
 terns which appeal to you. Put
 wax paper over the cardboard to
 keep the glue from sticking to
 the cardboard. Pin the pieces to
 the cardboard. Glue and trim the
 balsa wood at each joint.

You should make one main
 geometrical shape upon which the
 rest of the construction will be
 mounted. This main shape should
 be larger than the other parts.
 Don't be afraid to experiment
 with odd shapes.

Make several smaller shapes to
 use for dangles. If your designs
 lie flat on the table, they have
 just TWO DIMENSIONS. You can
 make them in THREE DIMENSIONS
 by attaching some of the pieces
 so that they point up from the
 table, like a pyramid or a cube.

Choose the areas which you
 think will look best covered with
 tissue. Try to choose colors which
 look well together. Before you
 cover, brace large areas with

balsa sticks to make them more
 rigid.

Spread glue on the balsa sticks
 of the area to be covered, and ap-
 ply the tissue. Be sure no part of
 the paper is left unfastened.
 Neatly trim off excess tissue with
 your razor blade.

When the glue is dry, dampen
 the tissue paper. When the paper
 dries, it will shrink and draw
 tight, giving a neat finished job.

You may want to use other
 materials to add special effects
 to your designs. Wire, yarn,
 aluminum foil, window screen-
 ing, and many other common ma-
 terials can be quite interesting.

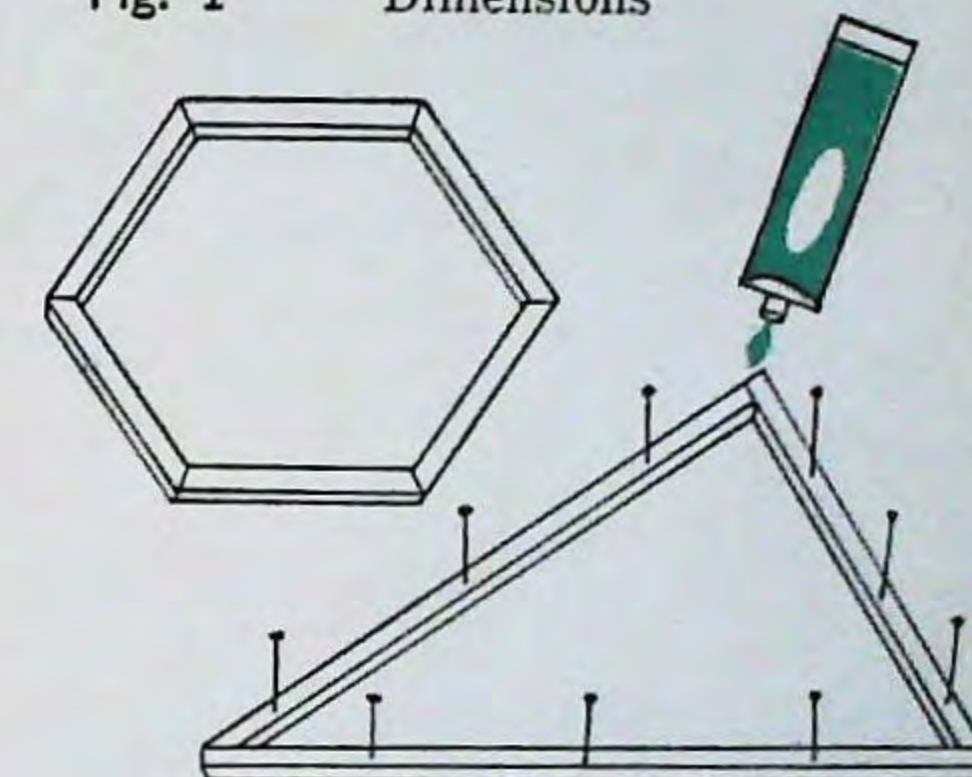
Now you are ready to hang the
 pieces together to make a mobile.
 The secret of an attractive mo-
 bile is that parts hang from one
 another in interesting ways, and
 swing about in balance in the air.

The mobile in Figure 2 looks
 very plain and regular. In Fig-
 ure 3 it looks much more alive
 and interesting.

You will find that you can
 most easily balance your mobile
 if you start with the bottom
 dangles and build upward. Fas-
 ten the thread with a small spot
 of glue, or tie it. Be careful not
 to make the thread too long for
 it will spoil the unity of your
 mobile.

Hang your mobile from the
 ceiling and watch what interest
 it will arouse among your family
 and friends.

Fig. 1
 Patterns
 in Two
 Dimensions



Patterns
 in Three
 Dimensions

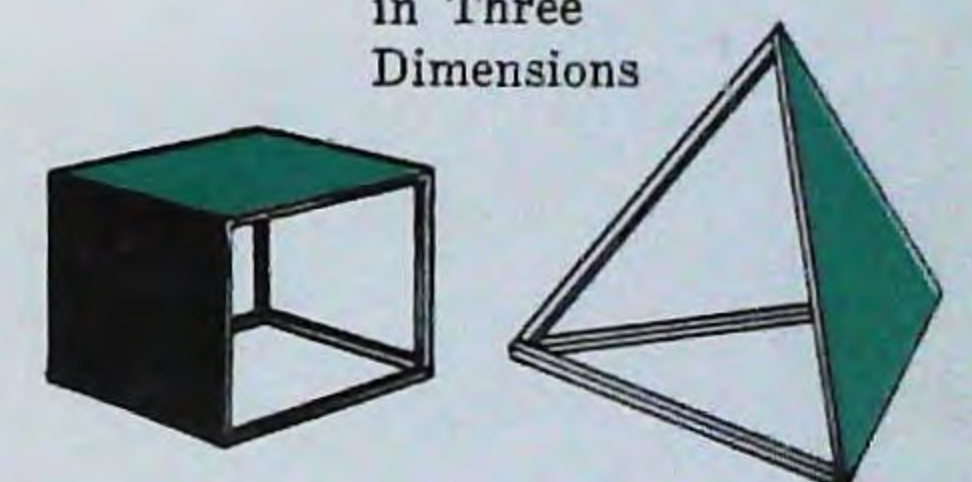


Fig. 2

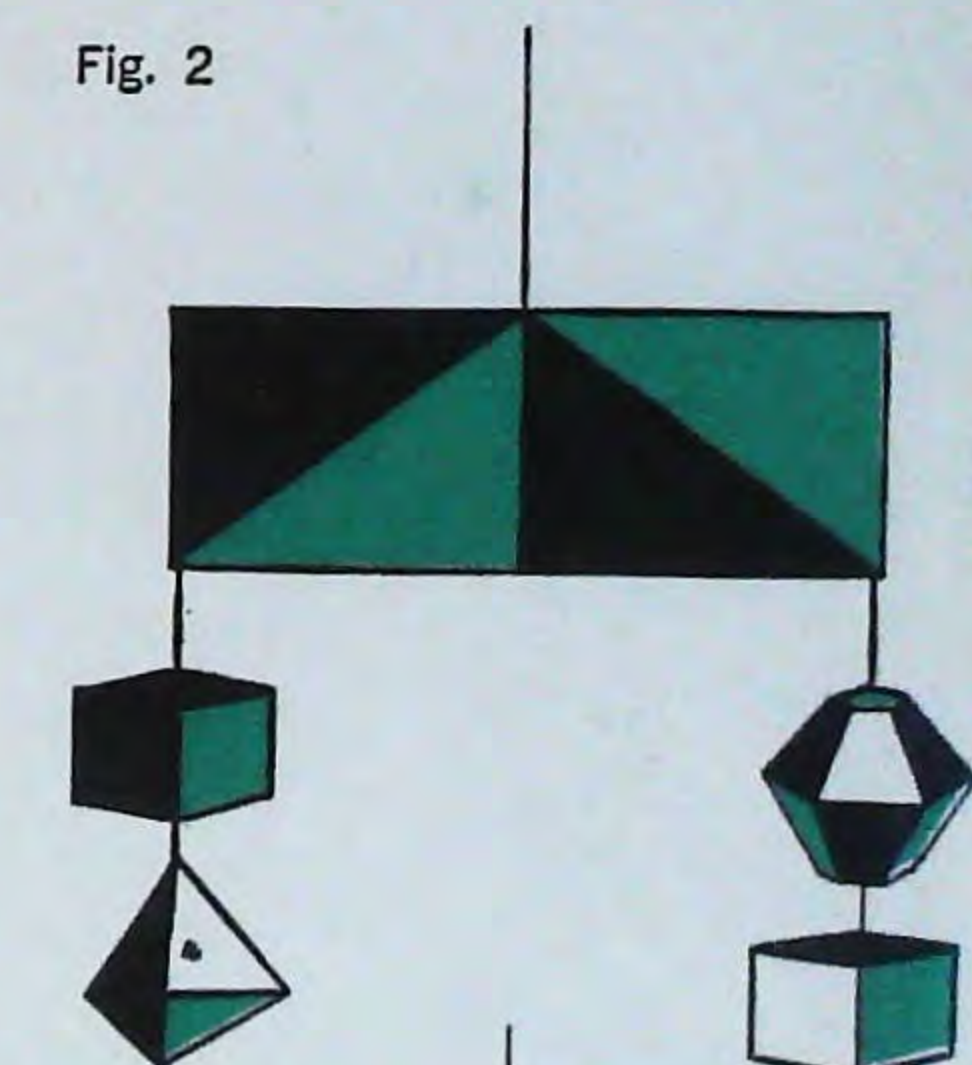
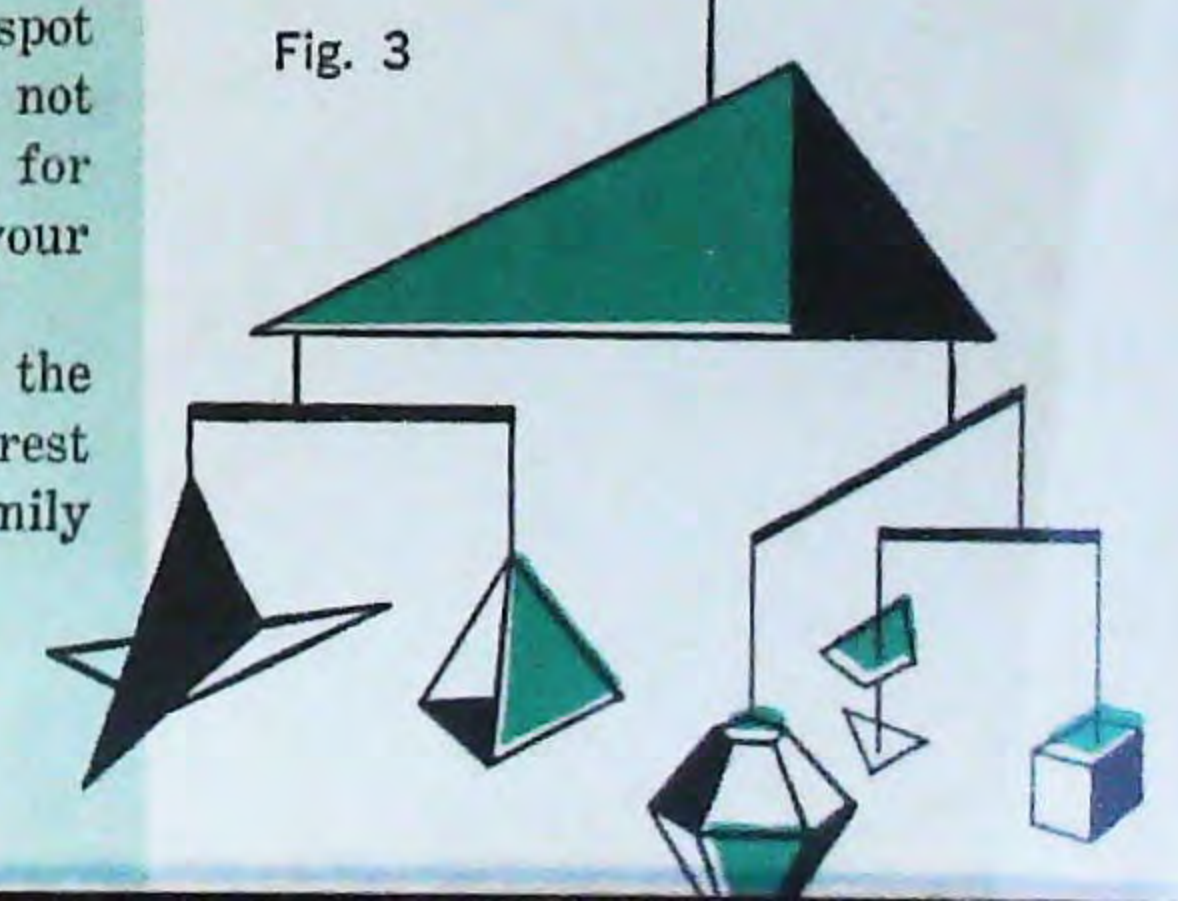


Fig. 3



★ Creations which exercise much skill and can be long enjoyed.

Good-bye!

until next month

